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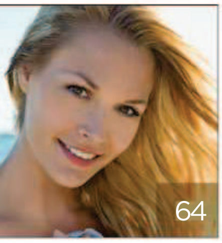
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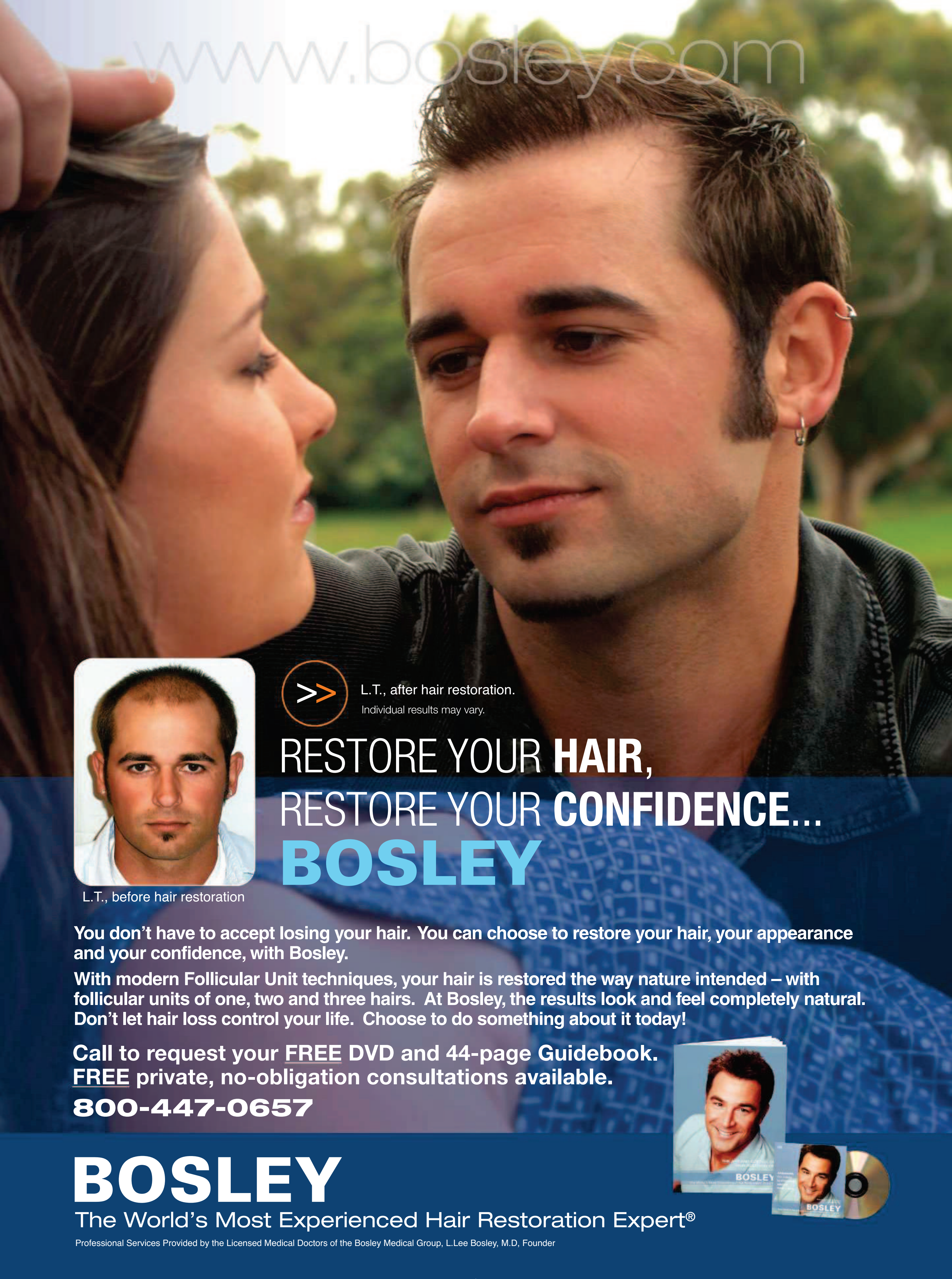

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Playing House

As soon as we arrived at the New Year's open-house party I knew I'd made two mistakes. The first was the boring guy I'd dragged along at the last minute. The second was being overdressed. But since I'd spent an afternoon hunting for just the right outfit, I could hardly do an about-face and leave right away—or could I?

Luckily, before I had to make that decision, I spotted this beautiful girl. I watched her as she moved across the room, and her long legs, golden-brown skin, and silky hair made me think the night just might be salvageable. Her date was kind of hot, but she didn't look all that into him.

Everyone seemed to be watching her. I caught her eye and she stopped moving, giving me a chance to take in the entire package. I gave her my "I'm interested" look. Then she sat directly across from me, just close enough that I could see she wasn't wearing any panties. My pussy started to throb and my heart began to race. I couldn't stop looking at her, and each glance she cast my way made me hotter than the one before. I so wanted to put my hands between my legs.

My date was sitting next to me, talking nonstop about something or other, but I wasn't listening. I was too busy gazing at the girl. Her hard nipples were visible through her thin dress, and I wanted to cup her tits in my hands and suck on them. Just thinking about what I wanted to do to her made me so horny that my pussy became wet. I started rocking a little in my seat, wishing I could give my pussy a good rubbing. Then she gave me a knowing look and smiled, and I knew I'd been found out. I looked away as I imagined her cunt being just as wet as mine, and how good she'd taste when I slowly dragged my tongue along her labia. I moaned, but no one heard me over the chatter and music.

As I wondered how I could get her alone, our eyes met. She subtly licked her lips and, giving me a sly look, headed upstairs, hopefully to one of the bedrooms. After counting to ten I did likewise, telling the guy I was with I'd be right back.

Following the scent of her perfume, I made my way upstairs and toward the only open door. I crossed the threshold and found her leaning against the dresser, waiting. The front of her dress was open and she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were just as I'd imagined—beautiful and full.

I locked the door behind me and, without saying a word, walked up to her. She placed her hands on my waist as I laced mine around her neck. We shared a quick, heated kiss as we ground our hips against each other. Then my hands were palming her breasts, my lips licking and sucking her nipples like they were my favorite treat. But unlike in my other encounters, I wasn't the seducer here. She pushed me back, on top of all the coats thrown haphazardly on the bed, and told me to pull my dress up. I did, and she straddled my legs. She couldn't get to my tits because my dress zipped up the back, so she shoved my panties aside and buried her face in my pussy.

It felt as if she wanted to suck all the juice from my cunt. Then her fingers were inside me, stroking rhythmically as she steadily sucked on my clit. It felt so good I pushed up against her face, encouraging her to thrust her fingers even harder and faster. When I came, gushing all over the coat I was lying on, she told me not to worry—it was her boyfriend's and he wouldn't mind.

I wanted to return the favor, but she told me she was expecting her man and suggested I get back to my friend. I straightened my clothes, and when I stepped outside the room, her boyfriend was waiting. He smiled at me, went into the bedroom, and locked the door. I almost knocked, but I hadn't been invited. Instead, I returned to my "date," gave him another appraisal, and decided it was going to be his lucky night.—*Name and address withheld*

We shared a heated kiss, then she pushed me back on the bed. Her fingers were inside me, stroking rhythmically.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.

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■ WINDOW UNDRESSING

The company I work for moved to larger quarters last summer, and the new building was more spacious and much brighter, with lots of light streaming in through the floor-to-ceiling windows. The office manager contracted a landscaping company to fill the floor with plants, but I wasn't prepared for Amber. She was young and fresh-faced, dressed in worn Keds, shorts, and a tight green T-shirt with the landscaping company's logo printed across the front in hot pink. I figured her to be the tree-hugger type, but she still looked hot with her red-highlighted hair.

Like clockwork, Amber arrived every Friday afternoon at 4:30 P.M. to water the plants. The first time she came into my office to water the ficus tree, I struck up a conversation with her by asking which plants would do well on a shady terrace. She gave me some suggestions, and offered to drop off some samples for me.

A couple of weeks went by with Amber and me talking about everything from music to her getting dumped by her boyfriend. I was getting to know a lot about her—enough to know that I wanted to do more than just talk. Then one day she told me she had some low-maintenance plants in the back of her truck for me to check out. I'd all but forgotten about my terrace, but any reason to be in close quarters with Amber was good enough for me. I told her to let me know when she was ready to leave and I'd walk out with her. Amber's company had contracts with several other firms in the building, so by the time she came back to my floor everyone had already left, and I was hornier and harder than I'd been since I was in college.

When Amber stepped into my office and gave me a mischievous smile before closing the door behind her, I knew we wouldn't make it to the truck. She came toward me, pulling off her shirt and baring her breasts. But instead of coming around to my side of the desk, she headed toward the picture window. I followed close behind her until she raised her arms over her head and pressed them against the window. It was early evening, but still light enough outside that anyone who happened to look up on the way to the parking lot would get an eyeful. Neither of us cared. I pressed my rigid cock against her plump ass cheeks and reached around to cup her breasts. She moaned and started rhythmically pushing her hips back against my dick. I let my hands drift down to her shorts, which, thankfully, had an elastic waist. I pulled them down and ran my fingers between her legs. She was dripping with anticipation—she wasn't the only one. I freed my cock, which was already wet with pre-come.

I slid to my knees and quickly lapped up the juices running down her thigh. I had to hold her hips in place as I licked my way up to her juicy pussy, because Amber was so turned on that she couldn't keep still. She kept moving her hips and trying to hump my face. But as sweet as she tasted, my aching cock was straining with the need to get inside her, and her constant squirming let me know that she'd had enough foreplay.

I kneaded and kissed and gently bit her ass as I stood back up. Then I held her around the waist with one hand and guided my cock into her. She felt hot and tight, and although I wanted to fuck the hell out of her, I didn't start thrusting right away. I was so aroused that the slightest movement would have set me off. I took a few seconds to get it together, and then I had no choice but to move. Amber started pumping and grinding her hips against me, and I started pounding into her like a machine.

It went on and on, with Amber coming and turning her head back to kiss me and suck on my tongue. We were both covered in sweat by the time I shot my load into her hot hole, and then neither of us could move. I was leaning against her back and Amber was plastered against the window. When I finally looked up, two guys were standing in the parking lot, giving us the thumbs-up. I couldn't have agreed more.—*R.C., California*

More letters on page 132

She stepped into my office and came toward me, pulling off her shirt and baring her breasts.

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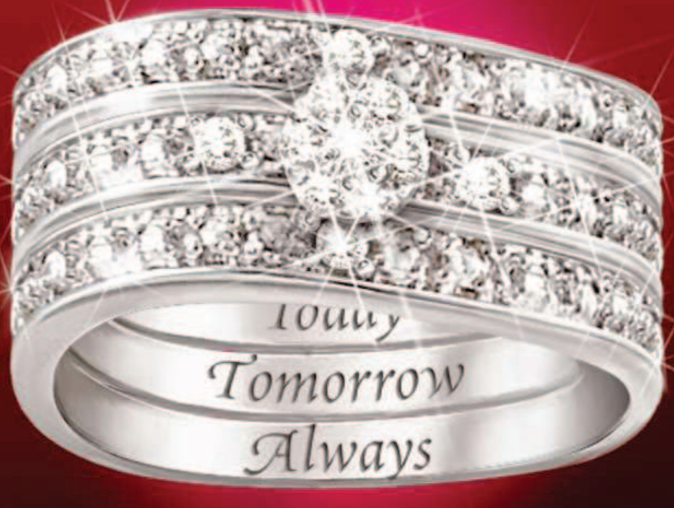

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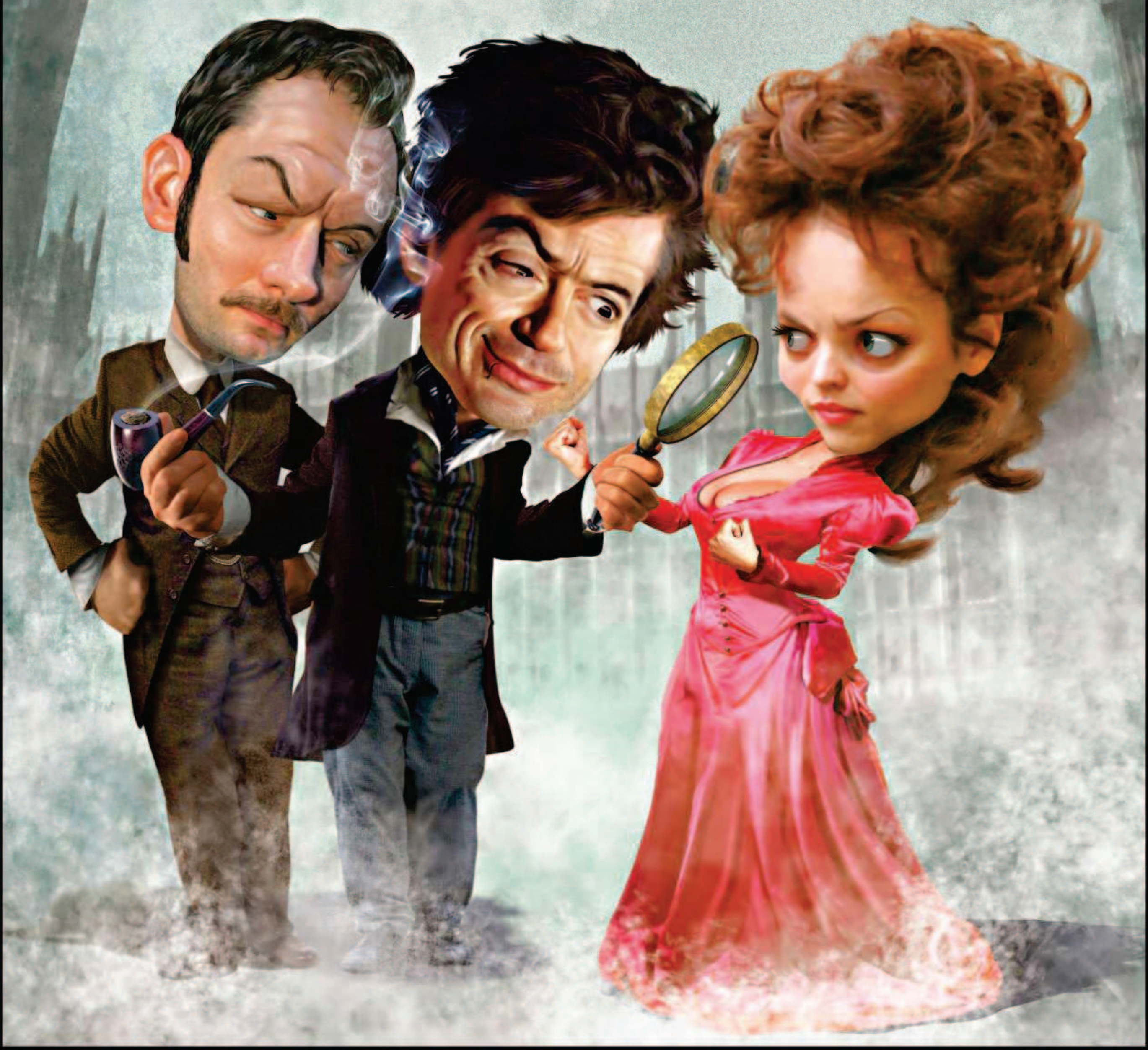
Seductive Reasoning

Recasting the legendary detective Sherlock Holmes to lure modern audiences, director Guy Ritchie has made him weirder, wilder, and more wanton. Jude Law stars as sidekick Dr. John Watson and Rachel McAdams is love interest Irene Adler.



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Holmes Skillet

Director Guy Ritchie cooks up a Sherlock Holmes for the twenty-first century.

Sherlock Holmes
Robert Downey Jr., Jude Law, Rachel McAdams

Why would Hollywood revive a property that even your grandparents find a little dusty? Elementary, my dear reader: The Sherlock Holmes books have sold millions of copies worldwide, and the character is a global icon. There's got to be a way to tap into that. Word is that radical revisions have been made—and for good reason, if Hollywood really expects us to party like it's 1891. First of all, don't expect a starchy, laborious Holmes (he's played by motor-mouthed Downey Jr.). Second, do expect plenty of fisticuffs, gunplay, and high-octane action sequences; we won't be stranded in book-lined drawing rooms listening to Holmes expound on deductive reasoning. And while Holmes's faithful assistant, Dr. Watson, might still be one step behind the plot, he's played by Law, so expect him to ferret out his fair share of helpful lady friends. Finally, the lad behind the camera is *Snatch*'s Guy Ritchie, who's not one for phony, stuffy accents and highborn airs. (Just ask his ex-wife.) Yes, there's a lot of potential here, which has us wondering: Why wasn't it attempted sooner?

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

Holmes-slice

Don't know dick about the private dick? Here's a crib sheet to the character's essentials.

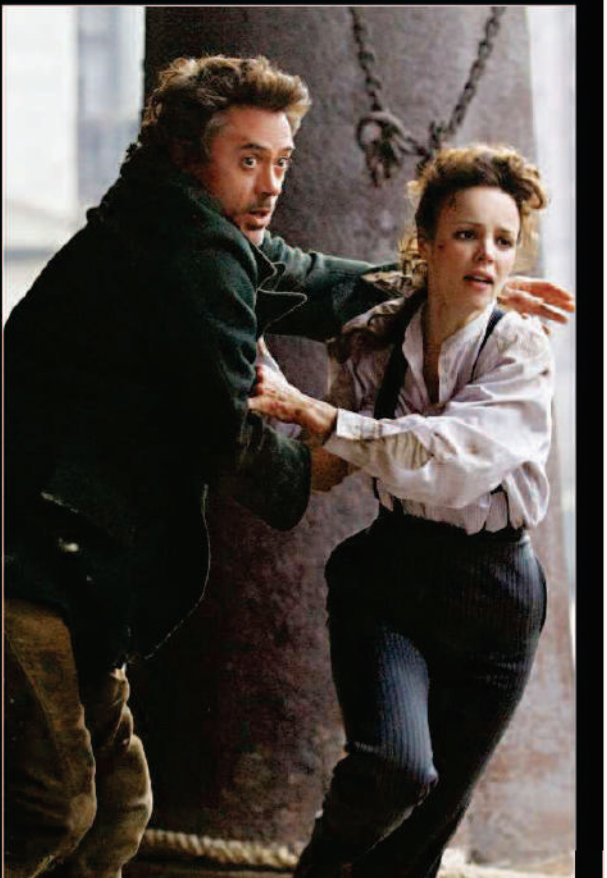
PIPE The guy usually prefers one of those honking calabash numbers that instantly announces, "I'm on the case, my good man," but Downey Jr. smokes a toned-down version here.

"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON" Is this the first catchphrase in pop-culture history? Quite possibly. Dude's gotta say it at least once, preferably several times. This is the "shaken, not stirred" of the Sherlock Holmes franchise.

DRUGS Our heroic crime solver is, infamously, a cokehead. This is—to borrow from the lingo of Holmes's native country—a bit of a sticky wicket for Downey Jr. Holmes sometimes injects the Bolivian marching powder via a special syringe he keeps in a leather case. We're waiting to see how Downey plays this one.

221B BAKER STREET This is Holmes's London "address" from 1881 to 1904, and the current site of the Sherlock Holmes museum. How many fictional characters have their own museum? Which brings us to our next point ...

THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS Holmes holds the world record for the most movie portrayals, as more than 70 actors have portrayed him in more than 200 productions.



The Book of Eli

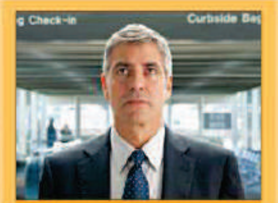
Denzel Washington, Gary Oldman, Mila Kunis

This postapocalyptic thriller from the Hughes Brothers looks like an amped-up, pulpier, possibly religious, Kung Fu cousin of the recent Cormac McCarthy adaptation *The Road*. Washington plays a loner walking a desolate, violent American landscape, guarding a secret book that may hold the key to civilization's rebirth from a band of *Mad Max*–ish miscreants led by Oldman. While sidekick hottie Kunis tends to his scars and private needs during the quiet moments, Washington blows up much stuff and kicks much ass (he did all his own fighting stunts, and trained for the role with Bruce Lee protégé Dan Inosanto).

REVIEWS

Daybreakers
Ethan Hawke, Willem Dafoe

Horror movies released in January (the thriftiest month) scare only the studios that spend money on them. But here's a fine exception to the rule: a thriller that brings all the terror and buckets of gore that you expect from a primo October offering. *Daybreakers* is a vampire flick, a superstylish one set in a future where blood is stirred into your Starbucks. Vamp virologist Hawke may have found a cure, but the undead powers-that-be are less than thrilled, and the rebel human underground—led by a grinning, unhinged Dafoe—calls to Hawke. The kills in the movie are sudden and sick, sure to quicken your pulse. We'd call it a date movie.



Up in the Air
George Clooney, Vera Farmiga

The buzz on this movie's podium prospects has been getting louder for months—and, for once, the Oscar hype is merited. That's especially true regarding Clooney, who plays a traveling corporate hatchet man whose company might be downsizing his unfettered bachelor lifestyle. Clooney, really hitting his stride in the prime of his career, displays new emotional range; while *Up in the Air* is certainly a comedy (from Jason Reitman, the director of *Juno*), it also plays exceedingly well as a study in veiled loneliness. Plus: nude trysts with the slinky Farmiga (*The Departed*).

The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus
Heath Ledger, Johnny Depp, Jude Law, Colin Farrell

Ledger may be best remembered for his remarkable spin on the Joker in *The Dark Knight,* but his career is filled with underappreciated performances: Take another look at his screwup skate rat in *Lords of Dogtown,* to name just one. But we can respectfully say that the guy was certainly capable of, well, mediocrity. His final performance, completed for Terry Gilliam's schlocky fantasy by surrogates Depp, Farrell, and Law, is a prime example. We blame Gilliam, who has explored this territory before, and much better, in *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.*

District 9

Geek Chic

Modern conventional wisdom says the geeks will inherit the earth, so suck it up and suck up to the geeks in your life.

District 9, this year's thriller about a historic alien encounter, is making home-entertainment history. It was inevitable, once Sony won the high-def war so quickly and decisively, that the company would come up with a PlayStation/Blu-ray movie/videogame crossover; this hybrid Blu-ray disc boasts a demo of the highly anticipated ***God of War III,*** playable only on the PS3. Bonus features for the movie include a digital download, an interactive map of the film's world, and movieIQ, which continuously updates production information on the cast, crew, and soundtrack.

The Transformers 25th Anniversary Collector's Set will bring back happy childhood memories for guys in their thirties who still love those Robots in Disguise. The "Matrix of Leadership" edition features 98 restored episodes (the entire "Generation One" series) with dialogue scripts, five retrospective featurettes, old Hasbro commercials for the toys, a fan-art gallery, and an animated fan film.

Futurama: The Complete Collection, a 19-disc set, boasts the entire TV series and all four feature-length releases, packaged in Bender's head. This animated space adventure had a legion of die-hard fans, hence the four follow-up films; extras include deleted scenes, commentary tracks, art galleries, Easter eggs, and featurettes, plus Bender's antipiracy warning, a guide to movie-theater etiquette, and *An Inconvenient Truth* promo with Al Gore.

When shopping for the space-oriented science-fiction geek, the essential question is: *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*? Casual fans appreciate both, but you don't want to give the latest *Next Generation* box set to a guy who dresses up as Darth Vader every Halloween. Unfortunately, the *Star Wars* movies on Blu-ray are still a mere dream, but if you need a gift for someone under the age of 15, ***The Complete Season One*** of ***Star Wars: The Clone Wars*** is likely to be a hit. The set has director's cuts of 7 of the 22 episodes, almost two dozen behind-the-scenes featurettes, and a 64-page production journal with sketches; there's also a Blu-ray-exclusive "Jedi Temple Archives" database.

If you do need a *Star Trek* gift, Paramount has got you covered with a number of releases from this year that were timed to the new movie ... or get the superfan a bottle of *Star Trek*–inspired cologne. We didn't completely hate **Red Shirt;** you can also get **Tiberius,** and **Pon Farr,** for women. The upside is, if a guy tells a girl he's wearing Red Shirt and she both gets it and doesn't laugh at him, he knows he's met a kindred spirit.

The Transformers 25th Anniversary Collector's Set

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Clerks

Treat Yourself

For a lot of American men, *National Geographic* provided that first good look at naked tits. This six-disc set, *The Complete National Geographic,* will bring back nostalgic memories of puberty past. It covers 120 years of the mag, from October 1888 to December 2008, and annual updates will be available for download on a subscription basis.

The Shield is still one of our most-missed shows. The 28-disc *Complete Series Collection* includes all seven seasons (88 episodes) in a collectible book of photos and quotes, plus two new featurettes: a documentary about the Rampart scandal that inspired creator Shawn Ryan, and a tour of "the Barn," the "police station" where the series was shot.

Clerks, Chasing Amy, and *Jay & Silent Bob Strike Back* are being released in a Blu-ray box set, *The Kevin Smith Collection,* as well as individually. The highlight for us is *Clerks,* which has all the bonus features from the original release and the tenth-anniversary edition, plus a new introduction by Smith and a making-of doc for *Jay & Silent Bob*. 'Cause putting that on the disc for that film would just be crazy.

PHOTOGRAPHS (*CLERKS, CHINATOWN*) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

For Your Girlfriend

A huge hint into the romantic desires of many women between the ages of 25 and 40 can be found in *Say Anything....* Trust us, it's the reason your girlfriend still has a crush on John Cusack. New extras for the 20th-anniversary edition include a conversation with director Cameron Crowe and quotes from famous people about why they love the film; the Blu-ray has a retrospective featurette and a 200-question trivia track.

If you'd rather indulge her artsy side, pick up the recent Blu-ray edition of *sex, lies, and videotape,* the feature-film debut from writer/director Steven Soderbergh. There's a 20-year reunion bonus from this year's Sundance Film Festival, including footage of a Q&A session with Soderbergh, and movieIQ, which automatically updates your disc's production info about the film.

sex, lies, and videotape

Any *Lost* fan will appreciate *The Complete Fifth Season,* available on Blu-ray and standard def, but the true fanatic will get wet over the *Dharma Initiation Kit* (left). The season-five DVDs are packaged like floppy disks and all the extras from the regular edition are included, plus you get such welcome-to-the-island info as brochures and a VHS tape as seen on the show. Our biggest problem with buying it? If they came up with something this fan-friendly for a season set, we're assuming that the inevitable full-series set that will follow the show's finale (reportedly in May) will be equally cool. You might want to wait until next year.

Young Frankenstein,
(right) *Chinatown*

For Your Dad

The Mel Brooks Collection includes some of the comedian's finest moments, like *Blazing Saddles, Silent Movie, High Anxiety,* and *Young Frankenstein*. The man is considered a genius when it comes to lowbrow sexual humor, and these seventies films prove why better than any.

Chinatown was another high-water mark in seventies filmmaking. Jack Nicholson has never been more, well, Jack; Faye Dunaway has never been more beautiful. The two-disc 35th-anniversary *Centennial Collection* boasts a new three-part documentary with screenwriter Robert Towne and a commentary track from Towne and director David Fincher (*Fight Club, Zodiac*), an "appreciation" documentary with contemporary filmmaker interviews, and all the previously released bonus materials.

While we're flashing back, check out *Taxi: The Complete Series* and *Hogan's Heroes: The Komplete Series, Kommondant's Kollection*. Dad can relive his favorite episodes of two of the funniest sitcoms ever in crisp, clean, and commercial-free glory.

Custom S

There's a box set, special reissue, or major holiday release for every type of personality on your gift list this year.

THE NINETIES REVIVALIST!

As the aughts (zeros? '00s?) draw to a close, our thoughts, headphones, and disposable incomes turn to the previous decade. Remember the nineties—that graveyard of slackers, flannel, and some truly fantastic indie rock? Well, as it was then, so it remains now: **Nirvana** is the star attraction. First comes the long-awaited DVD of the band's era-defining performance at England's storied Reading Festival in 1992, titled *Live at Reading.* The show begins with Kurt Cobain in a wheelchair singing a Bette Midler song (really!), then showcases the trio in their snarling, spitting prime, ripping through classics ("Smells Like Teen Spirit," an early "All Apologies") and fascinating throwaways (snippets of "More Than a Feeling" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"). Completists can also pick up the 20th-anniversary edition of the band's über-grungy debut, *Bleach,* featuring a bonus live recording of a 1990 Seattle gig.

Less famous but equally influential acts are also resurfacing this season, and in the case of snark-kings **Pavement,** prepping for a big comeback. The legendary lo-fi quintet will reunite in the new year, so bone up on their catalog with the gorgeous, double-disc reissues of their best work, 1992's *Slanted and Enchanted* and 1994's *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*. (A reissue of 1999 swan song *Terror Twilight* will follow.) And beloved D.C. post-punkers **Jawbox** are re-releasing their 1994 classic *For Your Own Special Sweetheart,* with a potential reunion in the offing. Let the flannel fly again!

Nirvana's Cobain

THE HIP-HOPTIMIST!

Every year, labels cram the end of the calendar with announcements of major new hip-hop albums in the hopes of larding their earnings reports—but whether the albums will actually come out or not is anyone's guess. Topping the list of entirely-speculative-yet-much-anticipated releases is **Lil Wayne**'s *Tha Carter IV*—which, judging from the rumors, could either be a rock album filled with noodly, amateurish solos or a posse-album devoted to rising star Drake and the rest of the Young Money clique. But, unfortunately for us and Wayne, who ran into some legal troubles this past fall, it's most likely to be only a figment of our collective imagination—at least until spring.

Eminem is planning a collection of tracks that were rumored to be too graphic for his outrageously bloody album *Relapse*—under the clever title *Relapse 2*. **Snoop Dogg,** rap's ageless wonder, has recruited an all-star roster of talent (**Dr. Dre, the Neptunes, The-Dream**) to help prop up his smoke-filled schtick on *Malice N Wonderland*. Other records to (maybe, possibly) look for: brilliantly icy coke-rap duo **Clipse**'s third, *Till the Casket Drops*, and **Young Jeezy**'s fourth collection of triumphalist southern swagger, *Thug Motivation 103*. There are even rumors of a new, top-secret **Kanye West** album—but it's possible he has bigger things to worry about these days.

Clipse

BY ANDY GREENWALD

ounds

YOUR DAD!

The holiday season is the one time of year when the graying music fan gets some respect. Respect, that is, in the form of pricey, high-quality retrospectives. The most exciting collection for this group this winter is the latest in Rhino's dependably awesome **Nuggets** series, ***Where the Action Is!,*** which focuses on the sound of the Sunset Strip in the mid-sixties. Featured artists range from the familiar (**the Beach Boys, the Byrds**) to the underappreciated (**Love, Jan & Dean**) to the totally unknown (**the Peanut Butter Conspiracy,** anyone?). It's a four-disc box set that captures a wildly creative moment in American pop, when the clean-cut idealism of the fifties drove head-on into the druggy morass of the counterculture.

For more focused nostalgia, try the enormous, ambitious **Elvis Presley** box set, ***Elvis 75,*** released just in time for what would have been the King's 75th birthday. The collection spans four discs and 100 songs, from "My Happiness," which a 21-year-old Presley paid $4 to record, to the electro-remix of "A Little Less Conversation" that lit up the charts earlier this decade.

Presley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (NIRVANA) REDFERNS/GETTY

READS

BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

REVIEWS

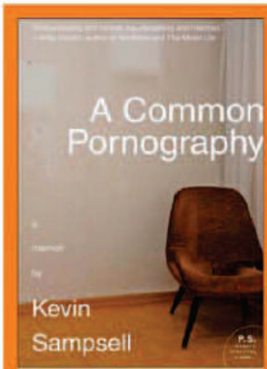
Say something dirty to 45 friends, lovers, and mailmen.
Postcards to express all your most loving and perverted thoughts.
someecards

Pervy Postcards

A new book of greetings for expressing all the urgent thoughts you've ever had, but were afraid to utter.

Say something dirty to 45 friends, lovers, and mailmen.
By Brook Lundy and Duncan Mitchell
(Sterling Innovation)

The hotshots at Someecards have a number of lively postcard books, but this one really bangs the gong. It places amusingly incongruent illustrations alongside raunchily direct sentiments, such as, "Thanks for honoring my desire to ejaculate on your bosom." Our favorite features a cop, his hand in the appropriate formation, saying, "I'm practicing the shocker." (Runner-up: A couple in business attire, the man saying, "I will pay you $4,000 to eat a banana in front of me.") This compact collection makes a great gift for your dirty-minded friends, your fuck buddy, or, as the introduction says, "just about anyone who enjoys orgasms."



This collection of vivid prose snapshots from HarperPerennial is not your usual memoir, though it is, according to Sampsell, all true. Much of it concerns girls, sex, and porn, as he dives into a career as a radio operator while trying to find true love—or at least get laid. His accounts of his first fumbling forays into sex are amusing, and at times moving; he also weaves in his family history of dysfunction (including incest and mental illness). This slim but powerful book manages to be both laid-back and affecting.

Generation A
Douglas Coupland

The author of the landmark *Generation X* returns with a futuristic novel set in a world where bees have been outlawed. Five wildly different and absurd characters get stung and placed under surveillance, eventually getting transported to an island where they bond. Coupland blends all sorts of cultural influences and current events into this bizarre but entertaining tale from Random House, skewering science, homeland security, news media, and consumerism in a wild yarn you won't soon forget.

REVIEWS

The Saboteur

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC) ★★★★★

Being Sean Devlin may be the next best thing to playing James Bond. The Irish race car driver is living it up in pre–World War II Paris with gorgeous cars and even more gorgeous women ... until he and his friend Jules engage in a prank that ends with Jules murdered by rival driver Dirker. Devlin's got to pick up the pieces, avenge his best friend's death, and deal with a Paris that's suddenly occupied by Nazis.

The game opens with a shot of the voluptuous Giselle dancing in the Belle de Nuit burlesque club, just down the street from the famed Moulin Rouge, and the club will serve as Devlin's home base; it's also the headquarters of the French Resistance. As you progress, Devlin meets two love interests, among other characters, and becomes invested in helping the Resistance. You'll sabotage the Nazi bastards by blowing up their guns, shooting their zeppelins out of the sky, purchasing weapons for the Resistance on the black market, and, yes, killing soldiers at close range. When you complete each mission the French people become even more inspired to fight back, which is represented by color returning to the film-noir world. Given the atmospheric feel, the plethora of lovely ladies, and the engaging third-person action, this is one don't-miss winter game.

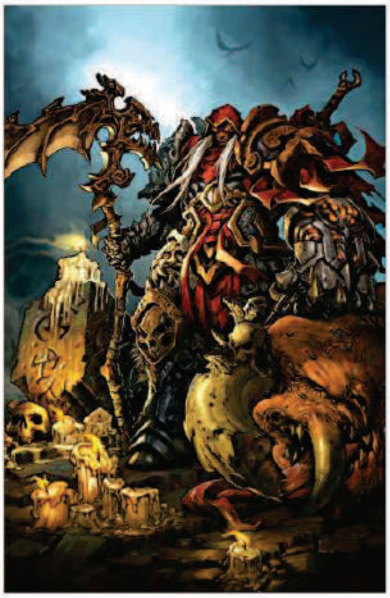
DARKSIDERS

THQ (XBOX 360, PS3) ★★★★

No one likes you. Well, no one likes your character in this game anyway. War is one of the horsemen of the Apocalypse; he inadvertently triggered Armageddon, so he's on everybody's shit list. In his quest to make things as right as he can, he'll use sweet weapons, get reacquainted with his horse, Ruin, and battle enormous bosses.

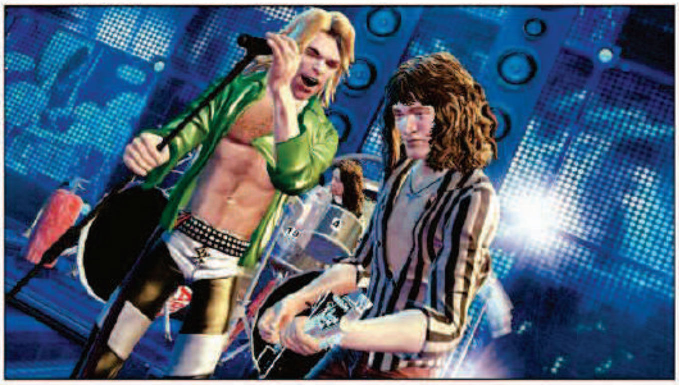
Rocks: This has a much deeper storyline than most nonroleplaying action-adventure titles, and it has killer button-mashing combat that rewards you for using tactical combinations and rhythm. When War's chaos meter fills and he goes berserk, he transforms into an unquestionably awesome fiery demon. The Watcher, a strange, powerful being that lives in War's gauntlet and can kill him at any time, is a cool concept.

Flops: The bottom prompts on the screen and fantastical creatures mean it sometimes feels like *God of War*. Of course, that's not completely bad.



BY REBECCA SWANNER

PREVIEWS



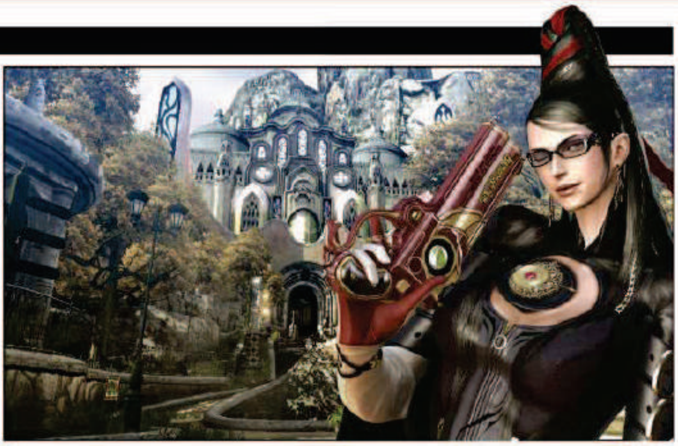
Guitar Hero: Van Halen

ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PS2)

While *Rock Band* aficionados are busy jamming to the Beatles, *Guitar Hero* fans can rock out with something a little harder. This follow-up to successful Aerosmith and Metallica editions will inspire you to get as wild and crazy as David Lee Roth did back in the day.

Rocks: You can confess that you're "Hot for Teacher," then serenade your girl with "You Really Got Me."

Flops: No Sammy Hagar tracks made the cut. The 19 non–Van Halen songs include Billy Idol, the Offspring, and Queens of the Stone Age, which provide entertaining play, but we weren't overly impressed with other selections. Foreigner's "Double Vision"? Please.



BAYONETTA

SEGA (XBOX 360, PS3)

This wild new third-person action title comes from the mind of *Devil May Cry* creator Hideki Kamiya; it stars a witch (dressed as a dominatrix-meets-librarian in skintight gear!) who is out to murder angels and anything else that gets in her way.

Rocks: She's better equipped than *Devil May Cry*'s Dante. She can wield four guns at once, shooting two from the heels of her leather boots, and stomp out enemies with unique summons, like a giant lock of hair, a guillotine, or a boot. Her outfit is made out of her hair, so you get glimpses of skin when she uses certain attack moves. The over-the-top action moves at a frenetic pace, which we love, but don't expect much of a breather between battles.

Flops: The unrelenting, up-tempo techno music drove us batty.

Last-Minute Gifts

Still not done with your holiday shopping? We've got you covered.

▸ Remote Wand

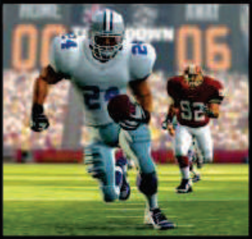
Has it always been your dream to control your TV with a flick of your wrist? Try this accelerometer-controlled remote, which looks like it's straight out of *Harry Potter*—too much so for us, but if you've got kids around it's sure to be a hit. You can command your entertainment components—or almost any remote-controlled device—to do all sorts of things by waving the wand in circles or up and down. Just do yourself a favor and hide it in a drawer when you have a chick over ... unless you met her at a LARP event. ($82, TheWandCompany.com)

▸ Microsoft Points

Microsoft Points are always appreciated by Xbox users, who can choose from thousands of entertainment choices via Xbox Live, including games, add-ons, and TV and film rentals. Not to mention *Madden NFL Arcade*....

▸ PS3 Slim

The *Uncharted, God of War,* and *Killzone* series and such exclusive titles as *Metal Gear Solid 4* have made the PS3 hugely popular among hard-core gamers. There was just one major problem: It weighed almost 15 pounds, nearly double the weight of the Xbox 360. Now, however, that problem is a thing of the past. Sony recently released 120- and 250-gigabyte versions that weigh in at about seven pounds and are significantly thinner than previous models, leaving you with more room for games. (120-gig: $300; 250-gig: $350)



▸ *Madden NFL Arcade*

We're psyched about *Madden NFL Arcade,* a scaled-back version of the indescribably popular football title. *Arcade* offers quick, on-the-fly games with four-player co-op and 13 unrealistic "game changers"—such as freezing a member of the opposing team—that enhance the arcade feel. It's available at the online PlayStation store and via Xbox Live.

▸ Crossfire Remote Pistol for the Wii

We like playing shooters on the Wii, without all the extra buttons of the PS3 or Xbox controller. With the remote pistol from Penguin United ($40), you'll feel even more like you're using a real gun. The weight falls on the grip, as opposed to the shells that you slip a Wiimote into, so it balances nicely in your hand. There are "A" buttons on both sides, which our left-handed tester appreciated, and the other buttons (except "+" and "-") are easily accessible, but not so accessible that you hit them by mistake.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*

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In the Spirit

Can't decide what to get for those last few hard-to-shop-for people on your list because you can still see the look of barely concealed horror on their faces after they opened your gifts last year? No worries.

By Deirdre Goldbeck • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

A Bit of the Grape

Wine doesn't have to be expensive to be the perfect gift. **Voga Italia**'s elegant bottles of merlot, pinot grigio, and sparkling pinot grigio may look pricey, but they're really a steal, ranging from $11 to $16. They're made from a special blend of grapes from the Trentino and Veneto regions of Northern Italy, and are ideal for a last-minute dinner invitation or to share with your special lady while she opens her other gift—the one she's been hinting about for the past six months.

THE POUR HOUSE

Scorpion vs. Worm

If a limited-edition, French, oval, glass decanter of **Scorpion Mezcal Gran Reserva Añejo 7 Year** ($280) doesn't impress, the signature scorpion at the bottom will. Give this award-winning, triple-distilled, 100 percent agave spirit to a mezcal aficionada who'll appreciate and savor the rich, oak-barrel-aged flavor. And yes, you can eat the scorpion—if you don't wimp out. Just be sure to chew thoroughly!

For the tequila lover, you can't go wrong with **Corzo**. All three variants are double-aged and triple-distilled, with twice the agave of other tequilas for a taste worthy of sipping on its own. And to add that special touch, Corzo is offering complimentary personalized labels that can be ordered at Corzo.com/labels. Allow six days for delivery or pay express shipping charges for a next-day order. (Silver, $48; Reposado, $53; Añejo, $57)

Whisky All Around

There's no better way to show your appreciation for that bonus than with a bottle of the **Dalmore 1263 King Alexander III** ($200). This is a conglomerate of fine malts that have been wood-aged in a variety of wine and spirit casks, then vatted together for years to create a single-malt Scotch with a wide range of aromas. Royalty never tasted so good.

Japan probably isn't the first place that comes to mind when you think single-malt, but the **Suntory Yamazaki** distillery, built in 1923 in the outskirts of Kyoto, was the first of its kind outside Scotland. Crafted from pure malt, the award-winning 18-year-old whisky ($120), with its rich, mellow honey flavor, will make an excellent addition to a Scotch fan's collection.

Whether it's rum or whisky, vodka or gin, scorpions or worms, you can find a spirit for almost everyone on your list.

From Small Batch to Modern Rye

If you're lucky enough to get your hands on the recently discovered **Jefferson's Presidential Select** 17-year-old ($89 to $99), from the Stitzel-Weller distillery, you just might want to keep it for yourself—not that there's anything wrong with that. This ultrapremium, 94-proof bourbon is being released by McLain & Kyne in limited quantities and may be hard to run down, but it's well worth the effort.

Why rye? You won't have to ask after you've tasted **(ri)¹** ultrapremium rye ($46 to $48). This spirit takes on a new look in a simple, modern-looking glass bottle and a new attitude with its fresh, peppery-sweet taste. At 92 proof, it can be enjoyed straight, diluted, or as the perfect base for a cocktail. It's also a good way to help Mom update her old-fashioned.

BELVEDERE
VODKA
INTENSE
DOUBLE CROSS
LUXURY VODKA
Ultimat
Vodka

Clearly, Vodka

Double Cross ($50) has the distinction of being the only vodka to win awards for both superb taste and artistic packaging, and it's currently the only Slovakian vodka available in the States. Distilled and filtered seven times, it not only makes the perfect classic martini, but it's twice as good neat. Give this to your favorite martini-sipping auntie and she just might think you've acquired some class.

Belvedere Intense—the name says it all. This 100-proof vodka ($46) is pure attitude in a striking black-and-silver bottle, and sure to add an extra kick to cocktails. It'll make the perfect gift for someone who's serious about vodka. There's also **Belvedere Limited Edition Silver,** which comes gift-boxed with three silver cocktail glasses, for $40.

Then there's **Ultimat** ($40), an exquisitely crafted vodka imported from Poland that's made from a combination of rye, wheat, and potato; its unique distilling process includes artesian well water and ceramic filters. Ultrarefined, ultrapure, ultraelegant—a triple threat if ever there was one. The hand-blown crystal decanter is truly a bonus.

Citadelle
GIN
Bols
Genever

Gin Game

Bartenders are hailing the return of **Bols Genever** ($40), a rebirth of the original Genever recipe from 1820s Holland, which is being produced in small batches. The combination of malt wine and select botanicals creates a spirit so smooth it's bound to bring out the homegrown mixologist in anyone. Gift someone special with this award-winning spirit in its smoked-glass bottle with authentic handwritten typography.

When you can't make cognac, why not make gin? The makers of **Citadelle** ($25) chose to do just that with their idle copper-pot stills from June through October, and a wonderful idea it was, too. Light, subtle florals hit the taste buds and will put you in mind of lazy afternoons on the porch with a G&T.

10 CANE
RUM
PYRAT
RUM
XO RESERVE
MOUNT GAY RUM
1703

Taste of the Caribbean

Mount Gay's newly released **1703 Old Cask Selection** ($100) comes straight from the tropical island of Barbados. This perfect blend of Mount Gay's 10- to 30-year rum reserves is as smooth on the tongue as silk. One sip is guaranteed to instill colorful visions of palm trees, blue seas, and flyin' fish, no matter how cold it is outside.

Know someone who loves mojitos? **10 Cane Rum** has a honey-velvet taste that will raise the quality of any cocktail. The juice from the first pressings of ten hand-harvested, virgin Trinidadian sugar canes is fermented for five days, then twice-distilled in small batches before spending six months in aged French oak barrels. Not a drop of molasses in sight here. (750 ml, $33; one liter with VIP gift box, $64)

And for that friend who insists on celebrating International Talk Like a Pirate Day whenever he damn well pleases, only rum from the **Pyrat** portfolio will do. It's hand-bottled in the British West Indies by Anquilla Rums, Ltd., and the **XO Reserve** ($25) is blended from rums that have been aged up to 15 years to produce a rich, full-flavored, amber nectar. Even the vessel is designed to look like an old pirate rum bottle. Get the **Pyrat Pistol,** a lighter version of the XO, for $16, or the limited **Pyrat Cask 1623,** a blend of the finest rums aged up to 40 years, for $289. Eye patch and cutlass not included.

Dewar's
12
Dewar's
18

Grand Things in Small Packages

The **Dewar's Discovery Gift Set** ($100) is a luxury collection of three 200-ml blended whiskies. This limited-edition set includes Signature, Dewar's 12, and the newly introduced, award-winning Dewar's 18 Founder's Reserve, all encased in brown leather. Individually numbered, 750-ml bottles of Dewar's 18 go for $80. Treat a friend or treat yourself.

There's only one thing better than a good single-malt Scotch, and that's four single-malts at your fingertips. The **Glenmorangie Collection Gift Pack** ($49) includes 100-ml minis of Glenmorangie Original and three 12-year expressions with Gaelic names: Lasanta (warmth), Quinta Ruban (ruby-red color), and Nector D'Or (golden nectar). Share the spirit!

GLENMORANGIE
HIGHLAND SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH WHISKY

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR HORSES

The Mustang gets its groove back just in time to face its nemesis—the reborn Camaro.

By Bill Heald

If you dig into the 45-year history of the Ford Mustang, you'll find that substantial chunks of it aren't pretty. Descriptions like "ghastly," "horrific," and "pathetic little filly" come to mind, especially when gazing at a sad nag like the 1974 Mustang II Ghia. After taking the wrong trail, Ford has tried (with various degrees of success) to get back the Mustang magic of the early years—the cool muscle exemplified by the hot '68 Mustang Steve McQueen blasted around San Francisco in the film *Bullitt.* The latest redesign has accomplished something quite impressive: Ford has finally managed to channel the style and personality of the best vintage Mustangs into a new, contemporary platform to deliver a driving experience that flat-out rocks.

It's available as either a fastback coupe or a convertible, so we snagged a GT drop-top; going topless can enhance pretty much any outdoor activity (especially when there's a strong, soulful V-8 involved). Oh, sure, you can get a four-liter V-6 that delivers a respectable 210 horsepower, but that's a gelding compared to the new 4.6-liter V-8 that comes with the GT. Cold-air induction and variable camshaft timing help this compact, charismatic engine put out 315 horsepower and 325 foot-pounds of tail-sliding torque (the rare Shelby 500 version ramps things up to 540 horsepower). Grunt gets to the rear wheels via a five-speed manual transmission, and while you can get a five-speed automatic (if you insist on keeping your right hand free), the manual is definitely the way to go. The ratios are spot-on for hustling this hoss down your favorite stretch of snaky tarmac, with short, positive throws and a light, responsive clutch.

One of the best attributes of the new Mustang is that it just feels right

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe; two-door convertible
Engine	4.6-liter V-8
Power	315 horsepower
Torque	325 foot-pounds
Transmission	Five-speed manual
Front tires	245/45R19
Rear tires	245/45R19
Curb weight	3,401 pounds (coupe); 3,533 pounds (convertible)
PERFORMANCE	
0–60	6.09 seconds
Top speed	149 mph (electronically governed)
Fuel capacity	16 gallons
Fuel economy	16 city/24 highway
Price (as tested)	$34,010 (coupe); $39,710 (convertible)

when you settle into the cockpit and tilt the wheel to your liking. Flip a couple of levers at the windshield pillars and push the button to fold the fabric top into its well behind the rear seat, and your companion can really let her hair down. From the moment you fire up the V-8, the balance of intake snarl and exhaust burble is perfect, and the real beauty of the convertible version is that, despite the passing gusts at high speeds, you can still hear the motor music. Even when blasting down the highway, the interior stays quiet enough that you can balance the output of the sound system with the ambient utterings of both machine and nature to get a truly sweet auditory experience.

Handling is predictable and the Mustang is a very user-friendly ride, and while the traditional straight rear axle can get a bit clumsy in bumpy hairpins, the pony car remains easily controllable during hard cornering. AdvanceTrac Electronic Stability Control remains dormant until you really need it, and the standard ABS brakes are plenty strong and easy to modulate. The only fly in the ointment is some nasty cowl shake over railroad tracks and such, for the absence of a solid roof takes a lot of stiffness out of the ragtop's body.

As for the competition, the Chevy Camaro is a hot new property, and the Dodge Challenger is some serious iron indeed. But the redesigned Mustang has that special mix of retro charm and modern tech that's just right, and pleases anyone you might take along for the ride.

Setting the Mood

Ford is going in an interesting direction when it comes to the interior lighting of the new Mustang, where you can enjoy the MyColor Ambient Lighting option. Now you have the ability to change the hue of every illuminated source, from the instrument cluster to the cup holders. It's tons of fun to play with, as the company claims there's a total of 125 possible color combinations. From a cool, icy-blue glow to the less-than-subtle allure of your own private red-light district, dialing in the color lets you customize your Mustang's nightlife.

Desmodromic Body Slam

The Streetfighter savages all challengers as it fends off assaults to steal Ducati's naked-sport bike crown.

By Bill Heald

DUCATI
DUCATI
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brembo

When the going gets tough, the tough get brutal. Ducati delivers a whole new level of naked-bike performance.

When you're the manufacturer who not only invented a category of street bike but also ruled that category for years, everybody's out to knock you off your throne. Ducati, however, refuses to go down without a fight. The company launched its groundbreaking *Il Mostro* (that's "the Monster" to those outside Italy) in 1993, and this original-production naked bike took the chassis and mechanicals of a sport bike, removed the bodywork, and modified the riding position so it was more upright for urban comfort. Known as a "hooligan bike" or "streetfighter," the Monster was an instant success; the brawling began the following year when Triumph introduced the equally aggressive Speed Triple. Over time, other manufacturers entered the fray with entrants in the new genre, so Ducati ramped up the performance to keep its Monsters ahead of the pack.

But competition is a relentless thing. The streetfighter class has continued to expand with Hulk-like urgency, with some very brutal machinery coming from all corners of the motorcycling globe. As a result, Ducati apparently decided to beat the competition into pulp and stay on top for the foreseeable future with the ultimate Orc. Aptly named the Streetfighter (although I think they should have called it Vesuvius or Corleone), this naked warrior is loaded with an incredibly potent V-twin ripped from Ducati's 1098 Superbike and placed in a specially engineered chassis to handle the bumpy chaos of the street. Few engines are as evocative, snarly, and pumped-up as this 155-horsepower *Testastretta Evoluzione* mill, and its unique Desmodromic valves, which use mechanical actuation rather than springs to close the valves, deliver a splendid clatter that is pure ear candy. When combined with the rattly-sounding dry clutch and the deep, bass-rich thunder of the exhaust, the auditory might of the Streetfighter beats up the other guys even when it's just idling at a stoplight.

Adding insult to injury, when it's go-time a strong twist on the throttle buries even the strongest challenger. Low-end torque is plentiful, but the real fun starts at about 3,000 rpm and builds mountain-like all the way to redline. The six-speed transmission shifts with crisp accuracy, although the Streetfighter has such a wide spread of power it rarely cares what gear you're in. An unusually long wheelbase for the class (to help keep the front wheel on earth when you launch it out of a corner) doesn't slow turning response one bit, thanks to steering geometry and engine placement that puts a lot of the weight on the front wheel. A very trick digital instrument panel houses an optional Data Acquistion System that provides a performance record for your PC. And if you're inclined to shell out an additional $4,000 for the S model, you get the data guru, traction control, and even tricker suspension components. The ripped and rowdy Streetfighter hammers the best the other guys have got and looks great doing it.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	104 mm x 64.7 mm
Displacement	1,099 cc
Fuel system	Marelli electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverse telescopic forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 330-mm discs, radial calipers
Rear brake	Single 245-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	4.4 gallons
Wheelbase	58.1 inches
Seat height	33 inches
Dry weight	373 pounds
MSRP	$14,995

High Rollin'

With Internet gambling all but gone, thanks to pesky new rules from Uncle Sam, and the economy keeping many of us too down-and-out for Vegas, it's time for low-key betting in-house—your house. These must-have items will help you set up a cozy casino in almost any crib.

By William Spain

Weber Dining/Poker Table

WeberTables.com • $900

This solid-birch, cherry-finished table for eight has a removable 50-inch poker top with convenient built-in chip wells, drink holders, and coasters. The foldaway game top is available in easy-to-clean black or brown vinyl upholstery (in case someone gets messy with their drink), and stows away in the included storage bag, which is great for those times when you actually want to use the dining table for dining. Matching nail-head vinyl chairs can be had for $125 apiece.

Military Chip Set

JTCasinoGames.com • $132

Whatever your favored branch—Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines—celebrate the troops with this 500-count poker-chip set. They're made of composite resin with an insert for that casino-type feel, weigh 11.5 grams each, and come in varying denominations and seven different colors. Moisture-proof labels are protected by textured laminate, and the velour-lined aluminum case has room for two decks of cards and five dice to boot. And if you can't pick a favorite service, they will even custom mix and match.

Game-On Drink Cart

GoTables.com • $50

To help keep the felt stain-free—and the money dry—this foldaway table is shaped to fit between chairs and keep the drinks, cigars, snacks, etc., away from the play. There are two built-in drink holders on the one-foot-by-two-feet surface, and it folds down to just under four inches in width, so it can easily be tucked away at the end of the night. It will even cut down on the bad language—at least at first—as it comes already assembled.

Wild Cherry Slot Machines

OhioGaming.com or IGT.com • $1,000 to $1,500

There's no reason you can't take some cash from friends. Depending on the state, you may be able to buy your very own one-armed bandit, set the payout percentage, pop it in a corner, and call in the suckers. The models in this line, available through Ohio Gaming, are reconditioned machines originally built by International Game Technology, and have been relieving casino patrons of their cash for years. They have three actual reels—none of that video nonsense—with a single pay line. The minimum bet is just a quarter; the maximums vary. All accept bills, and some have stereo and/or "idle attract" sound, the slot machine's version of "Feed me!"

WILD CHERRY
1st COIN
2nd COIN
3rd COIN
IS WILD! ANYWHERE!
PAYLINE
WILD CHERRY

Want to play like the big boys? Ante up and give your game night the full casino treatment. All you need now are the cigars.

KEM
PLAYING CARDS
100% Plastic-Cellulose Acetate

Kem Two-Deck Plastic Playing Cards

Kem.com • $30

Kem's cards, the same kind used in many casinos, put the old-time Bicycle playing cards to shame. These 100 percent cellulose acetate plastic cards are scuff resistant, damn-near unbreakable, and slide around the table with ease. They come in dozens of designs and are very difficult to mark, so they're quite popular in gambling halls—but they're also washable; useful if you need to get rid of the blood of anyone who tries it.

World Poker Tour Card Shuffler

WorldPokerTour.Shop.SportsToday.com • $5.95

While there's nothing wrong with a night of dealer's choice, nothing says the dealer actually has to lay out the hands. This stainless-steel baby can shuffle one or two decks at a time and fits either poker- or bridge-size cards. And while the automatic shuffler reduces the temptation to deal from the bottom of the deck, it also cuts down on wear and tear on the cards. Runs on two C batteries.

Last-Minute Clicks & Picks

Dashing through the stores isn't for everyone. That's why we found some hot items the eleventh-hour shopper can buy online and get overnight, or within a couple of days.

By Jonathan Ages

BlackBerry Curve 8520

T-Mobile.com

$300 (look for rebates)

Good riddance, trackball! RIM has replaced BlackBerry's iconic navigation nub with a trackpad that is easier to use and less likely to break. That alone is a huge improvement, but the changes don't stop there: The smartphone is Wi-Fi-enabled and features dedicated media buttons that make it more of a multimedia device. As if those aren't enough upgrades, it weighs in at less than four ounces. That's downright pocket-friendly, if you ask us.

SanDisk Extreme
30MB/s
32GB
SanDisk

Extreme SDHC Cards

SanDisk.com

Starts at $71

You've probably never given SanDisk a minute's thought, but we bet their ubiquitous memory cards are in your camera and cellphone. Now the company's outdone itself with its line of Extreme cards, which store up to 32GB and operate at up to 30MB per second—twice as fast as its previous top-of-the-line offering. The Extreme cards work with most cameras, store a ton of high-quality images, and can help speed up camera-to-computer uploads. It's not the sexiest gift to give, but the recipient will be thinking happy thoughts about you every time he uses it.

Adamo

Dell.com

Starts at $1,500

Dell adopted the Latin word for "to fall in love with" for its new heavily styled, ultrathin line of laptops, and that's exactly what the company is hoping you'll do. The computers are a svelte 0.65 inches thick and feature machined-aluminum chassis, making them extra tough. They're packed with power internally, too, starting with a 1.2GHz Intel Core 2 Duo Processor with Centrino technology, 2GB 800 MHz DDR3 dual-channel memory, and an ultrafast 128GB solid-state drive.

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DOLBY DIGITAL
Intelligent Li-ion Battery

VIXIA HF S11

USA.Canon.com

$1,400

Not all HD camcorders are created equal: Canon's latest takes HD to a new level, capturing images in a full 1,920 by 1,080 pixels. And since it records at up to 24 megabytes per second, movement appears smooth. The 8.59-megapixel CMOS image sensor is paired with Canon's stellar Genuine Face Detection and Dynamic SuperRange Optical Image Stabilization to ensure that you can capture up to 24.5 hours of brilliant, sharp footage in almost any light. Yes, even the mood lighting in your bedroom.

With Canon's latest, movement appears smooth, and you can capture brilliant, sharp footage in almost any light. Yes, even the mood lighting in your bedroom.

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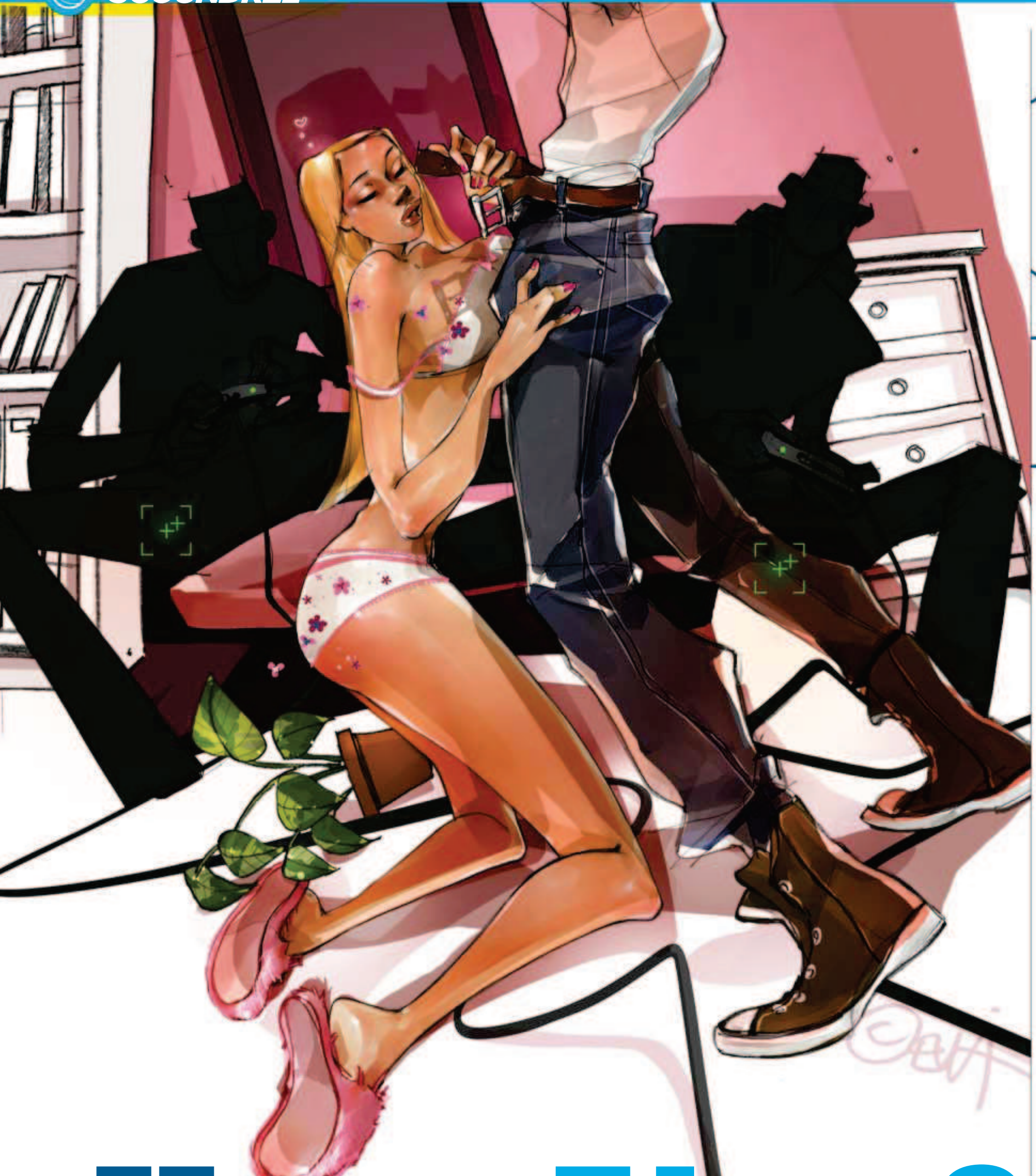


Home Alone?

Shouldn't a live-in girlfriend mean sex whenever you want? If only it were that easy. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to stoke the home fires.

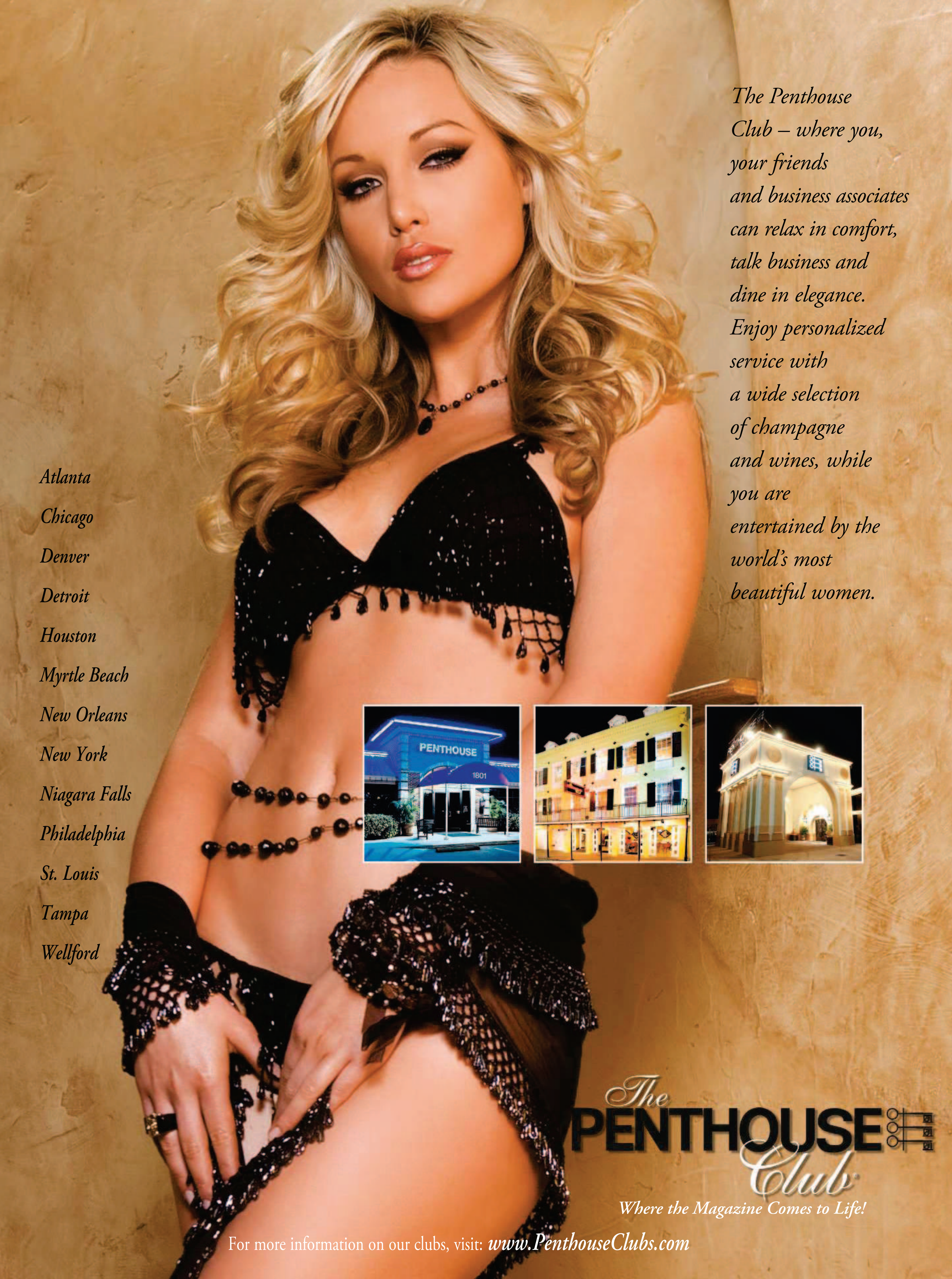
Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,

My girlfriend and I moved in together a few months ago. I thought I'd get laid more often once we didn't have to worry anymore about roommates interrupting us when we were screwing, but our sex life is virtually nonexistent. We used to watch a porno at least once every couple of weeks, and fooled around every chance we got. She would even blow me or push me into the bathroom for a quickie while my roommate was home. I was out with a couple of buddies last weekend and one of them said I should try chick-flick-inspired romantic gestures because that's what his girlfriend always wants him to do. The other one (my old roommate) said I should just accept that she's a freak who gets off on having sex with other people around. So what should I do? Bring home roses and chocolate, then take her out for a candlelit dinner and fuck her in the ladies' room?

Sure, try flowers and chocolate—it's possible she thinks you've gotten complacent, and you need to show her you're not taking her for granted. And if she's up for sex in a restaurant bathroom, sure, go for that, too. But it's also possible she's taking you for granted. Before, she might have been jealous of the time you spent with your boys, and she knew the only thing that could distract you from your Xbox was her G-string. Strong-arming you into the bathroom was her way of saying, "Do you want QT with him or a BJ from me?" And she was also sending your roommate a message—effectively pissing on you to mark her territory. Now that she's taken him out of the game, there's no reason for her to take you out of your pants. Try rekindling her competitive spirit by inviting some friends over to watch the big game—then when the crew moves on to a bar nearby and you tell her you're thinking about joining them, see if she gives you a tug of the ol' belt buckle. Or try cultivating a hobby so she'll get envious of the time you're spending on something else. Turn your backyard into a triage center and see how fast she comes out and says, "Are you going to deliver babies all night or are you going to come in and pound this pussy?" Remember the old saying: Absence makes the panties grow wetter.

Which brings me to another possibility: She's simply seeing too much of you. Maybe you've spent so much time on the couch that she thinks of you as a pillow. And it's probably been a while since she's wanted to hump a pillow. If that's the case, you need to spend some time out of the house. Maybe get a second job. Then if she still doesn't want to do you when you get home, you can at least save up for a state-of-the-art sex robot.



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a very good year

Less than 12 months ago, Taylor Vixen embarked on her modeling career. "I didn't believe it when I was selected to be the Pet of the Month for the 40th Anniversary Issue," she says. "That was only my second photo shoot!" But Taylor's centerfold layout in the September 2009 issue was met with such enthusiasm that soon enough we were scheduling a new photo shoot—this time so we could present the beautiful brunette from Dallas as our 2010 Pet of the Year. "Last time this year I was just hanging out," Taylor says with a laugh. "Now, I'm celebrating the proudest moment of my life—knowing I'm going to represent *Penthouse* for the next year."

Photographs by Emma Nixon

Pet of the

BLUE JEA
Yuri

Pet of the Year

"What really turns me on is being with a guy who is truly into sex—not just for himself, but for me. I want to be with a man who gets more and more excited as he gets *me* hot and wet and desperate to have him inside me."

"When I was in high school I was known as a bad girl, but I was really just looking for a boy to take charge and make me come quicker and harder than I would when I was playing with myself."
Pet of the Year

Royale

“Believe it or not, the most exciting place I’ve ever made love is in the back of a cab going home from a club. That’s pretty daring for me, but seeing the driver watching us in his mirror was so hot that I came as soon as I felt the guy inside me!”

Pet of the Year

Pet of the Year

"I started feature dancing only a few months ago, and I was nervous at first, but it's so much fun to see how many fans I have and how much they look forward to meeting me."

“What makes a man sexy to me is when he’s totally self-confident, that he’s not jealous and cocky for no reason, but that he can dominate me just by looking deeply and quietly into my eyes.”

WE’RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF TAYLOR AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

Pet of the Year

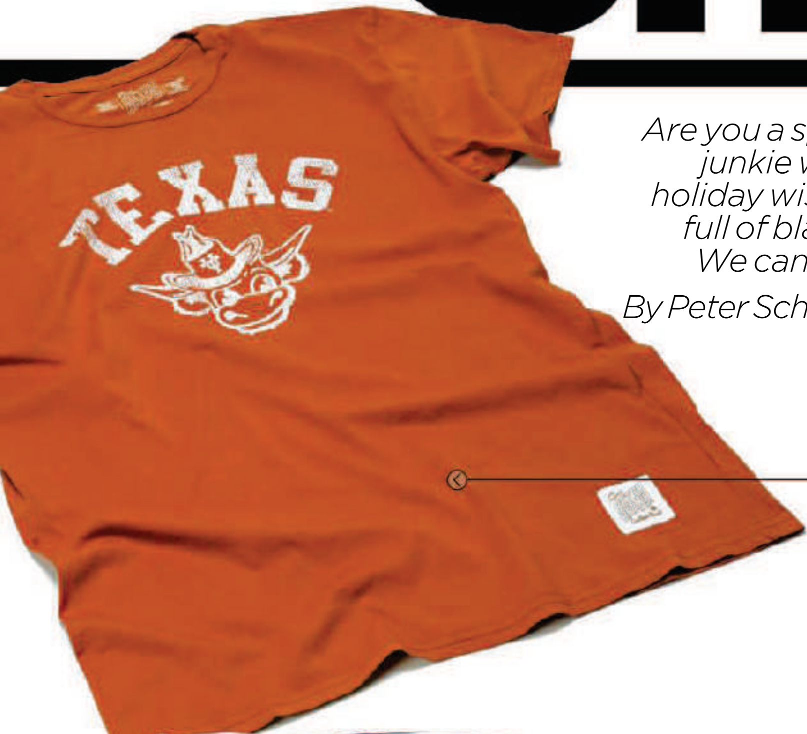
Sure Shots

Are you a sports junkie with a holiday wish list full of blanks? We can help.

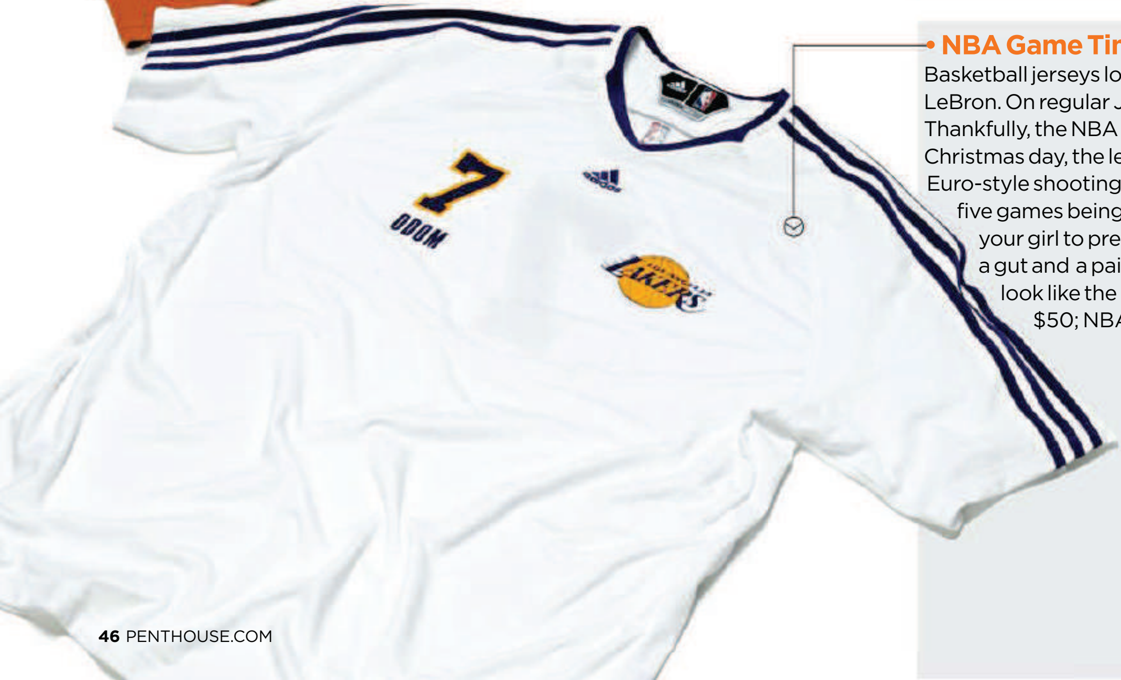
By Peter Schrager

It's the same thing every year. Your girl asks you what you want for the holidays, and you shrug your shoulders and turn back to the game. Then you wind up with a crappy set of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* DVDs come Christmas morning. Might as well be a lump of coal.

Here's how you avoid that dead end this year: Rip out this article and carry it in your wallet. When she asks you what you want for Christmas, just hand it over. You won't even miss a down of the game you're watching.



Original Retro Brand Throwback Tees
You know that old shirt from your college days that you can't throw out because it's just too damn comfortable—the one with the holes in the chest and the faded colors? Kick it to the curb for one of these. They're as old-school as a six-pack of Schlitz, and softer than butter, with the look and feel of a different era—a better one. Check out the Texas Longhorns SS crew. $38; OriginalRetroBrand.com



NBA Game Time Shooter Shirt
Basketball jerseys look good on Kobe and LeBron. On regular Joes, well, it's a different story. Thankfully, the NBA is doing all of us a favor. On Christmas day, the league will be introducing this Euro-style shooting shirt, to be worn on court in all five games being played on December 25th. Get your girl to preorder it, and, even if you have a gut and a pair of spindly arms, it'll make you look like the pros. Sort of. $50; NBAStore.com

AFL 50th Anniversary Replica Jerseys

The AFL was a renegade league, an upstart, a rebel. While the NFL had Johnny Unitas and his clean-cut flattop, the AFL had Joe Namath and his Fu Manchu. The AFL also left a legacy of funky uniforms (see those mustard-and-brown things the Broncos wore early this season while beating the Patriots). For the 50th anniversary of the rival league (which eventually forced a merger), the NFL is issuing AFL replica jerseys. Now's the time to grab a Boston Patriots, Houston Oilers, or New York Titans shirt. $80; NFLShop.com

Mitchell & Ness Vintage NHL Apparel

We love the killer Chicago Blackhawks gear here, but there's a whole range of great throwback stuff, from the Montreal Canadiens, Detroit Red Wings, and Boston Bruins to such bygone teams as the Kansas City Scouts, Winnipeg Jets, and Toronto St. Pats. Two other gems: Boston Bruins Bobby Orr 1971 road jersey; Edmonton Oilers Wayne Gretzky 1987 home jersey. $250–$300; MitchellAndNess.com

DIRECTV Sat-Go

You don't want to spend afternoon tailgates tracking the other big games on your cellphone, do you? What are you, a Neanderthal? Step into the twenty-first century with DIRECTV's Sat-Go, the world's first portable satellite-TV system. That's right, satellite TV, wherever you want it. Sat-Go combines a 17-inch LCD TV, a receiver, and an antenna—all in one easily assembled unit. Put it together, fire up the grill, and quit hitting refresh on your BlackBerry for the Michigan score. (Hint: They're losing.) $999; DirecTV.com

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE) NICHOLAS EVELEIGH, (ST. ANDREWS) DON B. STEVENSON/ALAMY, (BARBECUE) GIDEON MENDEL/CORBIS

15
DIRECTV
SAT-GO!

Tailwaiters Tailgate Party for Ten

The dudes at TailWaiters.com will set up your tailgate, provide you with food, and clean up after you. The package is for a party of ten, but there will be enough steaks, hot dogs, hamburgers, and potato chips to feed an army. They take care of everything except your team's offensive game plan—all you've got to do is show up. $325; TailWaiters.com

St. Andrews on a Budget Golf Vacation

This seven-day trip to St. Andrews, Scotland, is a golfer's dream, and may be just what the doctor ordered for your chronic slice. You get to spend seven nights at the Home of Golf, the fabled St. Andrews, playing both the Old and New Courses, the legendary Carnoustie, and three other local gems. Included in the package are a personal guide and driver, a rental car, and seven nights' lodging. St. Andrews is hosting the 2010 British Open, so here's your chance to preview the course before Tiger and Phil roam over it next summer. $2,200; GolfVacationOnline.com/St_Andrews/Budget

Slumdog Shitouts

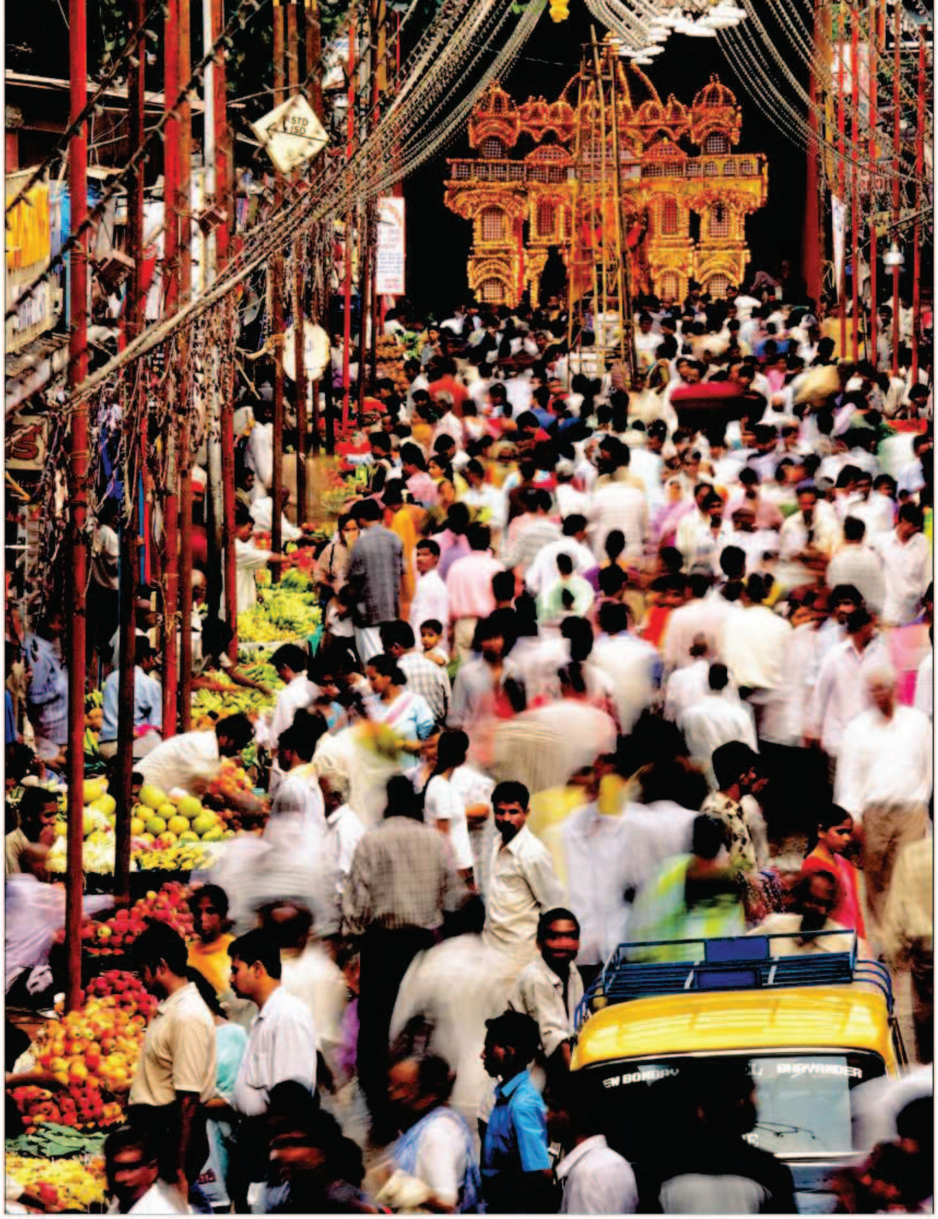
There are two Indias. One is wealthy, technological, and flamboyant, the setting of hundreds of Bollywood fantasies. The other is hopeless, with steaming Mumbai sex dungeons where men pay on a "per shot" system, and streets where six-year-old orphans beg in front of open sewer flues.

By Chuck Thompson

Indian salesmen are the fucking worst. The irrepressible dickheadishness of the country's merchant class stalks you like a disease from the moment you step outside your hotel, forcing you to become the kind of blinkered, "Get the fuck away from me" survival-mode tourist asshole you've always promised yourself you'd never become. Being white in this country puts a target on your back the size of a garlic naan.

Amid the stream of pleas, promises, and come-ons there are flashes of levity—"Sir, wouldn't you be honored to visit the shop where Richard Gere, Paul McCartney, and Wes Anderson have all bought spices?" Mostly, though, the pressure comes from wheeler-dealer jack-offs who throw themselves at you in unrelenting waves, like postmodern cinematic hyper-zombies—forever approaching, hooting, hissing, demanding, wheedling, pawing, clawing, badgering, hassling, negotiating, renegotiating, reneging, hectoring, flimflamming, lurking, following, promising, promoting, emoting, up-charging, lying, prying, spying, conniving, and, worst of all, sometimes actually convincing you to buy crap you've got absolutely no practical use for. All of which makes India by a developing-country mile the most annoying place in the world in which to be a tourist. Of course, I've never been to Egypt. Or Target the day after Thanksgiving.

In India, the torment is amplified because you can't even buy things you want without engaging in a mano-a-mano duel of wits and nerve with some street shark who's far more adept at the game than you are. At a train station in Udaipur, a wild-eyed schemer selling magazines follows Joyce and me like a piranha closing on a pair of guppies. From



the instant we climb out of the taxi all the way to the platform, he stays with us stride for stride. Through my constant rejection—first polite, then increasingly belligerent—his pitch continues for 15 nonstop minutes and includes everything from the unimpeachable standards of Indian journalism to the seven hungry mouths he's got to feed at home.

We finally shake the guy when we load into our reserved second-class compartment, only to have him burst through the curtain two minutes later and start laying out his entire stock on a bunk, demanding payment for magazines we damaged by forcing him to chase us through the station. To get rid of him I have to literally push him out of the compartment and off the train—after agreeing to buy a fucking magazine. I know, I'm a chump, but this is the way it happens.

I'm not asking for change. India without its army of sleazy, dishonest, pushy merchants would be as lackluster and "safe" as America's smoke-free bars. I'm just saying, even if they'd actually let you look at the merchandise without crawling into your underwear and telling you it's the wrong size, you can only take so much abuse from a gang of opportunists whose personal sensitivity ranks just below Phnom Penh cathouse touts.

A typical, verbatim exchange:

Me (entering restaurant): Is the full menu available?

Waiter: Yes, sir! Please have a seat.

Me (ten minutes later): I'll have the tandoori chicken and a garlic naan.

Waiter: So sorry, sir, these items are not available because we are not operating the tandoor oven.

Me: No naan, either?

Waiter: Yes, sir. Because not busy today.

Me: But you told me the full menu was available. That's why I asked.

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Me: Could I at least get that beer?

Waiter: So sorry, sir, because we have no license for beer, sir.

Me: Because you have no license for beer, what?

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Me: Because you have no alcohol license you have no beer?

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Me: But when I sat down you took my order for a beer.

Waiter: Yes, sir. One large Kingfisher beer, sir.

Me: But there's no beer?

Waiter: So sorry, sir. Because we have no license for beer, sir. The beer may come later.

Me: May come later?

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Me: Um, okay, just a mineral water then and the vegetable curry.

Waiter: Yes, sir. I will check on the water.

The most spectacular example of India's audacious rise through the ranks of world economic titans is Mumbai. With 14 million people, Mumbai is not simply the world's largest and most densely populated city; according to the superb Indian writer and Pulitzer Prize finalist Suketu Mehta, it's "the future of urban civilization on the planet. God help us."

One of the first things you notice about Mumbai is that while it is indeed an intestinal collage of organized pandemonium, things somehow manage to function. Traffic moves along. People appear to have business afoot, or at least somewhere to go. You don't see aimless thousands squatting on broken sidewalks. (When Indians squat, something you do see a lot of, it's usually for a common-enough purpose.)

Because I'll need help to get a close-up look at the real motor of Indian financial might, one of the first people I contact in Mumbai is Anurag Chaturvedi, a mustachioed, 55-year-old muckraking journalist—not quite an Indian Geraldo, but it's a reasonable image.

Anurag drives us to Bhiwandi, a textile city of 600,000 just northeast of Mumbai. Anurag and I can barely hear each other speak over the racket of hundreds of old-fashioned power looms churning away inside open warehouses. Massive machines with intricate gears and long, jointed levers that work like the jaws of mechanical dinosaurs, some of the looms were brought to India nearly a century ago by the British. They still spool out bolts of cloth as long as there's electricity in Bhiwandi, which is usually eight to ten hours a day. Walking the streets here is like taking a stroll through the Industrial Revolution.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) ALEX MAJOLI/MAGNUM PHOTOS, (ABOVE) LADI KIRN/ALAMY, (RIGHT) JONAS BENDIKSEN/MAGNUM PHOTOS

DRINKING WAT

We have identical chats with several loom workers. They work, they struggle to feed their families, they attach no geopolitical implication to this endeavor. Bored with these repetitive interactions, Anurag directs my attention to rows of dank, earthen-floor shanties crammed amid the factories. Inside these crude shelters, a sizable community of prostitutes spends the afternoons and evenings waiting to service the loom workers and truck drivers who constantly come and go, delivering raw materials and hauling out finished product.

Anurag greets an old woman sitting on a stoop and we enter a room where five women sit in the dark watching a soap opera on TV. The teenagers are painted like French tarts but the effect is more like little girls who've gotten into their mothers' makeup bags. The older ones have gone to considerably less effort to gussy up. The house smells like a locker room. There isn't the slightest pretense of *Pretty Woman* "working girl" glamour here.

"Success in India only begets more prostitution," Anurag says grimly. "Very few are sharing in the prosperity of this new economy."

The price for services ranges from 100 to 1,000 rupees (between 2 and 20 dollars). Girls turn over 20 to 50 percent of this take to a "ladylord" who owns the dismal rooms where they have sex with customers. "Beds" made of soiled rugs or sheets over small concrete platforms sit inside closet-size rooms. While truckers and yarn spinners get blown for five bucks by 19-year-olds, power looms clank and crash away next door, bringing India's economic miracle to Old Navy and Banana Republic shoppers who appreciate the value of affordable clothing. This is how India's industrial boom looks to Anurag, and when you're standing in the middle of it trying to pry two words of conversation out of a lifeless, 25-year-old prostitute who looks 55, it's a hard vision to dispute.

> *Mumbai, the world's largest city, is, an Indian writer says, "the future of urban civilization. God help us."*

Sordid as Bhiwandi is, it's nothing compared to a workers' district we visit in central Mumbai, where donated clothes from around the world arrive by the truckload to be cleaned, pressed, tagged, shoved in plastic bags, and resold in Asian markets. Like other Mumbai ghettos, this one is alive from sunup to sundown with food hawkers, street stalls, and tens of thousands of others going about their business. During daylight hours you'd never suspect that the neighborhood is also home to 4,000 prostitutes and that "specialty" blocks filled with transgender whores, S&M practitioners, and Sri Lankan and Nepalese women are accessible any time of day.

"Men pay on a 'per shot' system," one completely gray-haired, 40-year-old ladylord informs me. She sits on a plastic stool in front of a crumbling concrete apartment. The gutter in front of her is backed up with garbage and human shit. Hundreds of flies hover around the woman's head.

The business arrangement is the same as in Bhiwandi, she explains. A girl picks up a customer, brings him back to the "brothel," pays the ladylord her cut, and gets down to business as soon as possible. A typical girl will bring in four or five customers a night. Ten or 15 girls regularly use her rooms. The ladylord is a former prostitute herself, and I ask if she feels any guilt or hesitation about her work.

"My only obligation is to give the girls a condom when they come in," she says. "Whether they use them or not, it's no concern of mine."

I ask to look inside. The ladylord asks me to take off my shoes, then calls for a young girl in the back of the house. Without looking at me, the girl leads me through a short, dark passageway, past a series of tiny spaces partitioned by cardboard or scrap wood into miniature fuck chambers. I can only pray that the liquid on the floor that's soaking through my socks is water.

At the end of the hallway, the girl shifts a large piece of cardboard away from the concrete, revealing a literal hole in the wall. A suffocating cloud of mildew and spunk hits me in the face. It's about 105 degrees—after spending a summer month in a place where guys get sweat stains on their ties, you get pretty good at feeling the difference between 105 and 108. I gasp for air, which feels like it's passing into my lungs through wet cotton balls.

I crouch down and creep through the hole. The room has just enough space for an ancient cot. The mattress on top is black with mold. Not spotted—black. The walls are an evil shade of congealed brown and black. I couldn't get a hard-on in this sex dungeon if Beyoncé was fluffing me with 1986 Susanna Hoffs' tongue.

"Do any of the men have trouble performing in here?" I ask the girl.

"It's okay," she says noncommittally.

Between the pauses in our sizable language barrier I realize that my netherworld escort assumes I've got more in mind than an academic investigation of the sexual habits of Indian wage workers. This is understandable under the circumstances—serious journalism often doesn't look much different from opportunistic scumbaggery.

With night approaching, I shake hands with Anurag in front of a soup kitchen established for prostitutes and their children. Although he works as a journalist, Anurag is on the board of Apne Aap, a Calcutta-based nonprofit dedicated to rescuing prostitutes and bringing an end to human trafficking. According to Apne Aap and at least one other organization, 50 million girls and women are missing from India's population as a result of systematic, sex-based violence.

"Our only requirement for leading you on this tour is to publicize our website," Anurag tells me. After a day like this, he hardly needs to ask: ApneAap.org.

Despite the horrors of the Indian slum economy, I find little reason in Mumbai to fear India. Touring the filth, poverty, and decay makes you worry more about where Indians will get their next drink of clean water than U.S. tech-support jobs disappearing.

Of course, it isn't Indian workers that Americans should fear. The idea of resenting "Indians" for snarfing jobs from "Americans" strikes me as a drastic misinterpretation of reality in an age when corporations have gone global and workers the world over have become interchangeable. I put "Indian" and "American" in quotation marks because since corporations no longer recognize allegiance to any nationality, it makes little sense to apply those labels to their workers.

You can't blame Indians for taking work when it's offered. Indian streets are filled with people living in conditions that would shock a

“Success in India only begets more prostitution,” my guide tells me. “Very few are sharing in the prosperity of this new economy.”

1920s Mississippi sharecropper. Any American in their position would take the same job from a foreign employer and, in fact, many do. Just ask an autoworker in Ohio or Texas who’s slapping together cars for Honda or Toyota.

There are two Indias. One is wealthy, technologically fluent, and ferociously expansionist. The other is hopeless. Like the point and eraser of a pencil, the two are inextricably connected yet will never meet, and are fated to fulfill utterly different destinies. Westerners are comfortable with the idea of a starving brown horde forever on the butt-end of progress. As it’s become sharper, however, it’s the tip of the pencil we’ve been led to fear.

The idea of a Third World rich/poor dichotomy isn’t an original one, but for those who haven’t seen it close-up, it bears explaining that the two Indias often exist within inches of one another. Show me another place on earth where outside the door of a newly opened hotel bar that charges $25 for a martini—you’d think you were in Manhattan, especially with the way they serve it a notch above lukewarm—six-year-old orphans beg in front of open sewer flues.

I overpay at a number of these up-market bars in the company of a pair of local go-getters: Anjan Das, art director of *Rolling Stone*’s India edition, and his girlfriend, Jennifer, a refugee from the New York magazine world working on several high-profile local launches. With its emerging class of fashion-conscious credit-card holders, Mumbai has become a flourishing market for Western publishers—*Vogue, OK!, People, GQ, InStyle,* and many other familiar titles have appeared in recent years—hoping to make up for dead sales at home by scoring accounts with choice Indian advertisers.

“Sales of Western magazines are already far better than expected,” Anjan tells me. “People don’t actually read the magazines, they just leave them in their apartments or cars so that other people can look at the pictures and say, ‘Oh, she’s into *Vogue* or *InStyle*.’ ” So, in addition to everything else, the publishing industry has exported the same art-director mentality that’s been driving Western editors to apoplexy for centuries.

For three nights, Anjan, Jennifer, and I hit clubs and restaurants where Indian businessmen power through $200 bottles of Scotch and try to get sexsational Bollywood “item girl” dancers out of their $300 jeans. After the tour with Anurag, it’s a relief to find that all is not squalor, and I end up having a great time and many fantastic meals in Mumbai, though the most lasting impression comes on the way back out to the airport, when a handless boy staggers to my cab at a red light and begins pounding on the window inches from my face. I look up to see that the boy’s head has been completely burned, so hideously disfigured that it’s melted into a permanent Halloween mask. A few patches of skin hang off his face; spectral eyes bulge out of receding sockets; teeth and gums are clenched as though he’s already a cadaver—walking, breathing, but otherwise dead. The stumps where his hands should be are covered in a ghastly white secretion, like milk or heavy cream, which smears the window with long, wretched streaks as he bangs away for attention.

I reach for my wallet, but the driver leans across the front seat, thumps on the window, and curses the boy with a violent Hindi threat. Ignoring the driver, the boy curls a flap of skin where his lip has once been, cocks his head, and appeals to me with phantom eyes. I roll down the window, but the light turns green. The driver smiles at me. “Forget him,” he says, oblivious to the fact that I never will. We speed away, leaving the handless boy to try his luck at the next red light.

From the book *To Hellholes and Back: Bribes, Lies, and the Art of Extreme Tourism* by Chuck Thompson. Copyright © 2009 Chuck Thompson. Reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt and Company, LLC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) ALEX MAJOLI/MAGNUM PHOTOS, (LEFT) ROBERT WALLIS/CORBIS, (RIGHT) NIK WHEELER/SYGMA/CORBIS

Vinyl Frontier

Record sales neared two million units last year, and the old-school format—seemingly left for dead by the rise of digital music in the nineties—now looks likely to outlive the CD. How did this happen?

By Nathaniel Friedman

Vinyl is back. That has a nice ring to it, like "rock is back." And it's true—those flat black platters that an entire generation gave up on as inferior are being sold again in stores near you. But the deeper truth is, vinyl, like rock, never really went away.

Here are the broad outlines of the fate of the medium: Records—cumbersome, fragile, and frequently riddled with pops and crackles—took a hit in the early eighties when cassettes, which allowed for portable, reproducible music, outstripped vinyl in sales. Maybe the sound was smaller, but it was nothing a little volume couldn't solve, especially when you could crank up the boom box on the back porch. That was the first strike against vinyl. The death blow came with the introduction of the compact disc toward the end of the eighties—shiny, supposedly indestructible baubles that *looked* like the future. That digital format gave way to the seismic shift a decade later of MP3s, iPods, and file-sharing networks, which took us to our current position, in a musical galaxy seemingly far, far away from the age of records.

But now, against all conventional expectations, vinyl has returned. The whys and wherefores—on the face of it at least—are a mystery. "I would never have believed what I'm seeing today with record sales going up," says journalist, hi-fi expert, and longtime vinyl advocate Michael Fremer. "Best Buy is stocking vinyl again; Amazon is selling vinyl."

Yet if you ask vinyl mavens such as Mike Notaro of Shady Dog Records, a record lovers' paradise outside Philadelphia, you'll hear a different perspective: "There was this misconception that nobody was buying vinyl anymore. But we were making all of our profit on vinyl for the past eight or ten years."

There are plenty of music-scene factions that stayed interested in vinyl after the format had supposedly died out, and remain so to this day. Hip-hop, for starters, has always relied heavily on wax. DJ Premier, the über-producer best known as half of the duo Gang Starr, calls hip-hop "a vinyl-oriented sport." Deejays are expected to make sets their own by blending, scratching, or extending tracks; until the advent of the digital software Serato (more on that later), only records made this possible. In the early days, deejays looped records to piece together the first rudimentary hip-hop beat; in the eighties, producers such as Premier made beats from obscure samples, culled from old vinyl and born out of a desire for what Premier calls "those unique sounds, the instruments that those artists used back in the sixties, seventies, and eighties."

Hip-hop's quest for unknown or rare records overlapped with and infused new life into the community of record collectors, another constituency (albeit tiny) that helped keep vinyl alive during the eighties and nineties. As record collectors, well, they obviously had no choice but to stick with vinyl, and they welcomed the jolt to the market provided by hip-hop producers' thirst for obscure beats and vintage sounds.

At the same time, indie rock and hardcore stuck with vinyl because it was cheaper and, in a sense, rebellious. The seven-inch single became a common currency in those scenes, and while LPs were more rare, they were also cheaper to make than CDs. Paul Cardillo, the director of retail sales and distribution for Chapel Hill's Merge Records—a label founded by indie rock stalwarts Superchunk, and home to such acts as Arcade Fire, Spoon, and Conor Oberst—says, "We're one of those labels that's always had a niche market—two or three percent of our customers always want their music on vinyl." But during the past three or four years, Merge has started catering more directly to this niche. "We've started doing it on higher-quality vinyl, making a bigger deal of our releases."

In previous decades, vinyl had a powerful symbolic quality in indie-rock circles: It was nearly synonymous with refusing to sell out to major labels. That quality has faded over time, but even today, according to Cardillo, "[Some] young people who are buying it think, *This is more indie,* or, *This is cooler to have it on vinyl*. But [for most] it's more of an aesthetic."

Smaller than any of these groups, but no less vocal in support of vinyl, has been the audiophile community. For most of them, vinyl is and always will be the format of choice since, if cared for properly, records yield a dynamic range and full-bodied sound that remain unmatched. Says hi-fi journalist Fremer, "I tried to kill the compact disc; I wrote articles in music magazines, and then I started a letter-writing campaign. There was a group called the Compact Disc Group, put together by the industry to promote compact discs. I went to their meetings, and I literally stalked the head of the group. It was crazy."

But the protests of Fremer and countless others were so much howling at the moon. Compact discs—and digital technology in general—were never going to be stopped. So here we are today, with kids who have spent their entire lives consuming digital music—and yet are now buying turntables and, without giving up their iPods, stockpiling vinyl.

old favorites, rediscovering what it was that made records at once a pain and totally special. Bands such as Coldplay and others have started including a CD or free digital download with their vinyl releases, smartly catering to this rising dual impulse among audiences—embracing both the convenience of digital and the special qualities of vinyl.

That's the one thing everyone can agree on: There's something special about vinyl. Skipping around tracks on a CD, or entering into a disposable interaction with a digital file, is the height of music-on-call. It invites impatience, hasty judgment,

Vinyl offers bigger sound, frame-worthy cover art, the heavily engaged listening of letting a side play out—in short, all the pleasures that (gulp) their parents savored in the format.

They're realizing that, while digital media may represent the apogee of convenience, vinyl highlights the other end of the spectrum: bigger sound, frame-worthy cover art, the heavily engaged listening of letting a side play out, and the feeling that, yes, recorded music can have a very physical kind of being—in short, all the pleasures that (gulp) their parents savored in the format. Indeed, while some parents are shocked to see their children taking up the format they thought they'd left behind forever, others are dusting off their

Cosmo Baker

DJ Premier

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) ANDRZEJ TOKARSKI/ALAMY; (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) IAN MEYER, LUKE MACGREGOR/REUTERS/CORBIS, IAN MEYER, JONNY BAKER/GETTY IMAGES

and wandering attention. Listening to records, however, forms a totally different relationship with music. There's that cover art we mentioned: big, beautiful, and, really, a standalone art object (they do, after all, sell LP cover frames these days). Then there's the disc itself—spinning the black circle, as Pearl Jam once put it. Yes, maybe you've got to be careful about dropping your records. But the LP is so tactile, so substantial, that it brings you closer to the music than the piddling CD or the disembodied digital file ever could.

As *Stereophile*'s Stephen Mejias puts it, "Vinyl is a format that demands a sort of participation, an attention, and creates a quality experience." Many have called it "ritualistic"; certainly, it's communal: Friends will gather to sit around and listen to records. I've never heard of a get-together that centered on staring at an iPod. With a record, you at least listen to a side in its entirety, and with that fuller, richer sound, you're drawn in.

All of this gets at the strangest part of the vinyl resurgence: No one involved denies that, as far as technology goes, LPs are nearly primitive. It's not for nothing that the aforementioned Serato—software that allows deejays to operate without having to lug their crates of records with them to every gig—has become a staple of the trade. Even veterans accept it, albeit with some qualifiers attached. DJ Premier believes that "to own Serato, you should have to own a thousand records, minimum." Cosmo Baker of the New York deejay collective the Rub describes a "backlash of sorts" against Serato, saying, "There's a lot of people who think, *I'll go and play my nightclub, which is all Top 40, and I don't really care what the quality is of the file*. But when it comes down to me, playing at this particular venue on this particular night with these particular records, it has to be vinyl." In other words, they may be inconvenient and cumbersome, but records still deliver a sound that the digital era has yet to match.

Fremer compares it to books, another "antiquated" and intimate form that no amount of technological progress has been able to replace—yes, the Kindle exists, but no one's falling asleep with a Kindle smushed into their bed. It's not about a fashionable throwback, or an attachment to tradition, but a way of consuming music that, according to *Stereophile*'s Mejias, is "inherently nostalgic, in the sense that all recordings in all formats are trying to capture a piece of the past. I think vinyl tends to communicate that sense of time travel better than other formats." Baker dramatizes it even further, comparing the difference between CDs and vinyl to "looking at Picasso's 'Guernica' on the craziest HD screen ... and actually looking at the painting, [where] you can feel the brush strokes, you can feel the energy, and you can feel the immensity of that painting on canvas."

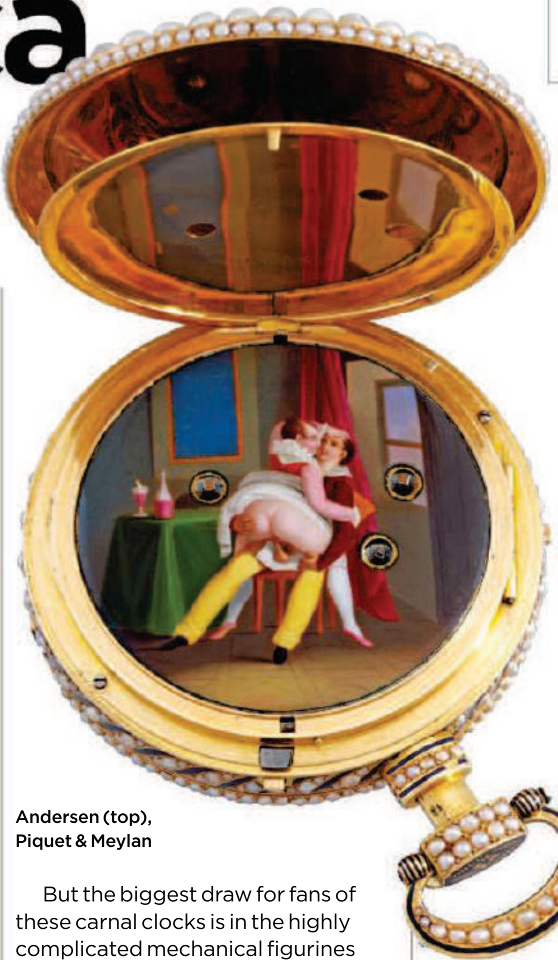
Paradoxically, it took the rise of the MP3 for a younger generation to appreciate what they might be missing, and for older folks to remember. Technology took things so far in one direction that consumers began to yearn for what had been lost in the march of progress. It's only fitting that vinyl is now inextricably tied to the record store's future. Says Shady Dog's Dave Castleman, "Whatever the future of the music business is, okay, vinyl has a place. CDs probably have a place for another five to ten years, but over time, in terms of the amount of square footage they'll be taking in any store, that's going to be shrinking." Who would have predicted *that* development during the CD's ascendancy in the late eighties? Further, as record dealer Ari Leichtman observes, "There's loads of music that's really never seen the light of day via any other format" than vinyl. For this kind of rare music, labels such as Chicago's archive-minded Numero Group press high-quality comps, the better to prolong its hothouse-flower-like existence.

And it bears repeating: The bottom line is that vinyl just sounds better. Jonathan Valin, executive editor of *The Absolute Sound,* doesn't expect a horde of converts to high-end audio, but is encouraged by the fact that "sound quality is back on the table," which in turn makes music all the more enjoyable.

Just take care not to get your fingerprints on it.

A Clockwork Erotica

Sex, in all its lurid detail, has had a prominent place in traditional Swiss watchmaking.



Andersen (top), Piquet & Meylan

Back before *Penthouse* existed in print, on video, and online, men could discreetly indulge their secret fantasies while appearing to check the time. Throughout Europe during the rigid and chaste eighteenth century, sex acts were graphically depicted on pocket watches created by some of the most prestigious watchmakers.

These erotic watches were known as "conversation pieces," and were used less as a measure of time and more as an object of seduction and personal pleasure by European noblemen. "Erotic timepieces were a status symbol, measuring the owner's wealth, elegance, and libido," says Osvaldo Patrizzi, watch expert and owner of Patrizzi & Company Auctioneers in Geneva, Switzerland.

Typically concealed in a secret compartment of a fob watch, these pocket-size peep shows expose such taboo matchups as three-ways, multi-ethnic couples, and monks and nuns performing anything but penance. This rich and dirty tradition also appears on clocks and on match, snuff, and music boxes, and has evolved in the past century to encompass wristwatches.

Some of the most respected watch brands, such as Ulysse Nardin, Blancpain, and Svend Andersen, sell their own modern haute-porn in a sort of shadow market for in-the-know clientele. To create these salacious scenes, watchmakers use such labor-intensive processes as hand engraving on gold and cloisonné enameling techniques developed by Huguenot artisans 300 years ago, says Amy Chia, spokesperson for Blancpain.

But the biggest draw for fans of these carnal clocks is in the highly complicated mechanical figurines known as *automata*. Blancpain set a milestone in this genre in 1993 when it introduced Calibre 332, the world's first minute-repeater wristwatch with automata. According to Chia, the creation of minute repeaters is one of the most difficult challenges in the world of haute horology; no more than a handful leave the Blancpain workshop monthly.

Like Blancpain, Ulysse Nardin has produced erotic watches for more than 12 years. These are an integral part of the brand's highly complicated Hourstrikers and Minute Repeaters, says Patrik Hoffmann, vice president, and the brand makes only about 20 Erotica Hourstriker watches a year.

While the craftsmanship in erotic watches is of a serious nature, the subject matter is playful. An inspiration for both Ulysse Nardin and independent watchmaker Svend Andersen was the Oval Office antics of Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. Ulysse Nardin's design was handcrafted in cloisonné enamel, custom-made for a private collector, Hoffman says. Andersen's version was crafted in platinum with concealed erotic automation on the watch back. It sold at a Christies' sale in New York in June for nearly $14,000.

Known for his highly complicated automations, Andersen produces watches with nearly a dozen independent movements (erotic automatons in antiquarian watches typically have three or four). His Erotic

These pocket-size peep shows expose such taboo matchups as three-ways, multiethnic couples, and monks and nuns performing anything but penance.

PHOTOGRAPHS (LEFT AND TOP) COURTESY OF CHRISTIE'S, (TOP RIGHT) COURTESY OF ANTIQUORUM AUCTIONEERS, (BOTTOM RIGHT) COURTESY OF STEFAN KUDOKE

W. W. Wattles (top), Kudoke 69

Automaton Wristwatch, created in 1996, has 11 parts in motion, including a panting, tail-wagging, voyeuristic dog, all powered for two minutes by a special independent wheelwork.

Erotic timepieces continue to attract watch collectors, says Sam Hines, head of watches at Christie's Auction House in New York. He notes that the Clinton watch by Andersen sold to a private collector in Northern Asia. Sex sells, of course. We all know that. But because these watches are limited in number, they're even more valuable to collectors.

Thinking of investing in an erotic watch? Independent German watchmaker Stefan Kudoke just launched his first erotic design, which reveals the chiseled bodies of two lovers in his signature "skeletonized" style. Hurry, only 69 are available.
— Deborah Yonick

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BIKINI BARISTAS) BE&W AGENCJA FOTOGRAFICZNA SP. Z O.O./ALAMY; (GLUE) IMAGESTATE/ALAMY

Coffee, Tea, or Me?

Five Everett, Washington, women each face 90 days in jail and a $1,000 fine for prostitution—for offenses allegedly committed while pouring coffee for commuters. Several drive-through espresso stands are facing complaints from locals that their bikini-clad baristas are offering more than cream and sugar with the coffee. After a two-month undercover investigation of Grab-n-Go Espresso, Police Sergeant Robert Goetz told Q13 FOX News in September, "For extra money, these women would expose their entire body. If they were wearing a bikini, they would either take it off or at least lower it." Witnesses report seeing bikini babes flashing their boobs, pussies, and asses; licking whipped cream off one another; and allowing customers to cop feels for tips. While no intercourse is alleged, exchanging gropes for tips is considered prostitution by city law.

The Java Girls bikini espresso stand in Parkland, Washington, is having the opposite problem. One barista recently threw boiling water on a patron who repeatedly exposed himself to her at the drive-through, touching himself while wearing women's panties on his face. So far he's evaded capture, as his license plate was also covered by a pair of undies.—*Christine Colby*

ARME
FROZEN
CAPITA

Not Soft Serve, We Guess

The Icecreamists, a boutique ice-cream shop, opened this September in Selfridges, a high-end department store in London. Their signature confection, the Sex Pistol, is said to have the same libido-boosting qualities as Viagra. Ingredients include herbal stimulants ginkgo biloba, arginine, and guarana, and it's served with absinthe, the highly intoxicating green liqueur. This adult ice-cream soda is so potent that it's restricted to sweet tooths of 18 years and older, and limited to one per customer. Of course, if the £20 treat truly has its purported effects, you probably won't want to be hanging around in a department-store basement any longer than necessary—unless you're in the bedding aisle.—*C.C.*

Sticky Situation

A Wisconsin man endured more pain and humiliation than the average adulterer when his dick was glued to his stomach.

After the 37-year-old man's wife, Tracy Hood-Davis, caught wind of his infidelity with two other women, she informed the ladies that her husband was not only cheating on her, but on them, too.

Authorities said Hood-Davis, along with Therese Ziemann and Wendy Sewell, allegedly hatched a plot to exact revenge. Ziemann, who'd met Hood-Davis's husband on Craigslist and lent him $3,000, lured him to a motel with the promise of a kinky coupling. After Ziemann suggested some bondage play, he let her blindfold him and tie him up. She cut off his underwear and summoned the other women, along with Ziemann's sister, Michelle Belliveau, who was not romantically involved with him.

Ziemann has been accused of hitting her lover in the face and using Krazy Glue to attach his penis to his stomach. The man started screaming when he was superglued, and the women fled—allegedly taking his wallet, phone, and car with them. He managed to free himself by chewing through his bonds, and he ran out the door naked to find help.

All four women are being charged with felony false imprisonment, while Ziemann faces additional charges of misdemeanor battery and sexual assault.
—*Jennifer Peters*

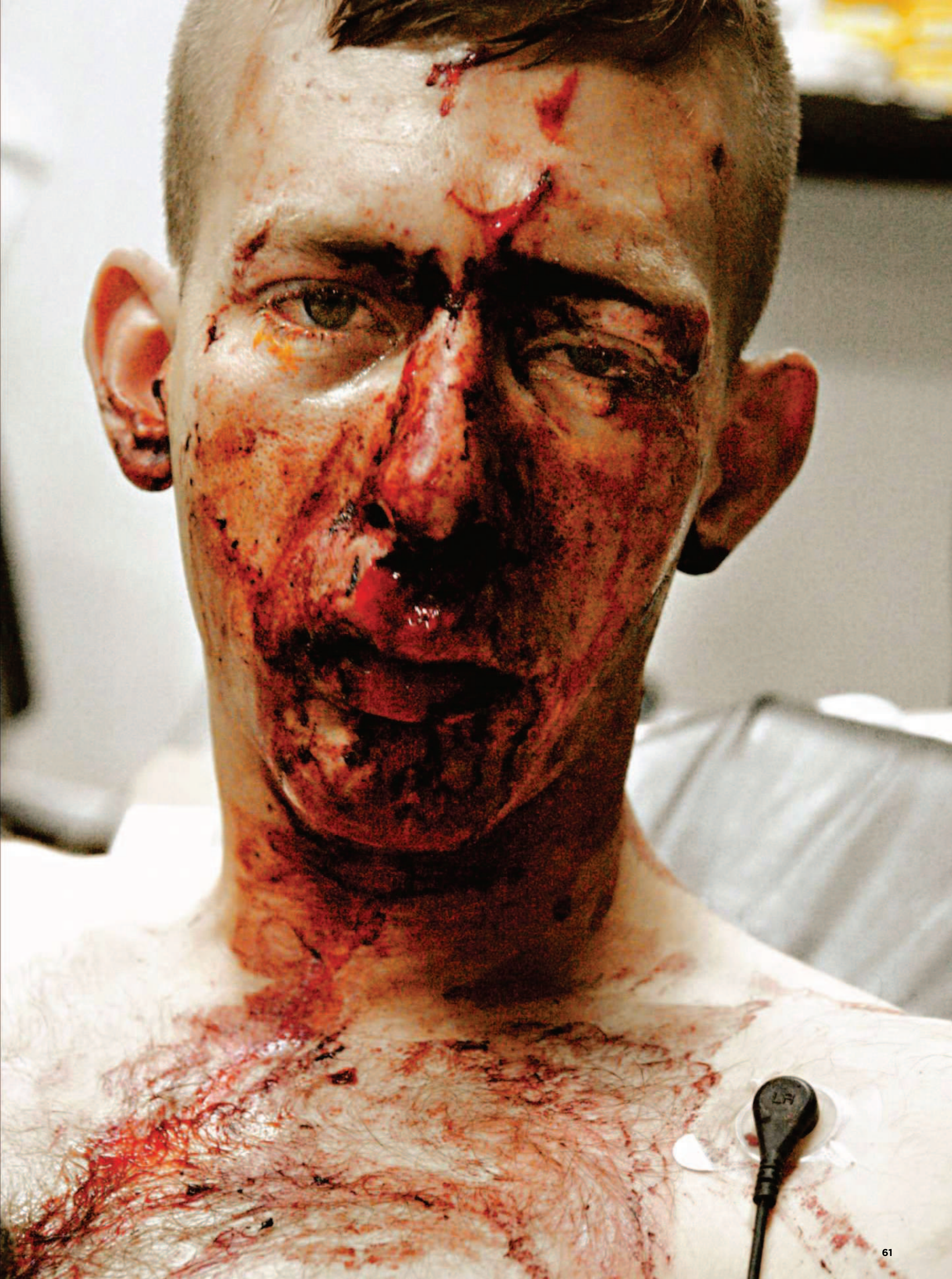
"Second Tour, Hope I Don't Die"

Incandescent images of what our soldiers endure to fight what was supposed to be a shared war.

By John Rico • Photographs by Peter van Agtmael

In Peter van Agtmael's new book of combat photographs documenting America's wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, there is an image that shows a soldier being treated immediately after getting shot in an ambush. The photo was taken in the dark, within that inky, lonely void that constitutes Afghanistan's sky at night, where there are no streetlights or residual glow from distant cities. Like an X-ray fracturing the gloom, it's an incandescent snapshot of chaos, a photograph illuminated only by a soldier's flashlight that angles just right for the briefest of moments, and what it captures is haunting: a frozen moment of anxious faces amid the intensity of combat.

As a former combat soldier who served in Afghanistan, I can attest that these sorts of fractious mental imprints are the exact same moments that the mind remembers long after you've returned to America—experiences that passed too quickly to be seen with the naked eye, but are nonetheless felt implicitly in nightmares. The caption next to the photo dryly informs us that, upon landing at base in the helicopter, the


LA

casualties were rushed out while blood from the body poured onto the tarmac. It ends with this casual explanation: "We left the scene to buy coffee smoothies. The pilot got a haircut. Korengal Valley, Afghanistan."

During a phone interview after being back from Afghanistan not yet a week, van Agtmael explains the seemingly indifferent caption: "For a lot of the soldiers, it was their second or third deployment; I think they were tapped out emotionally. They can't agonize over each death because there's just going to be another one the next day."

Sometimes, all you can do to stay sane is get a haircut. It's a truth that only those who have been in combat might understand.

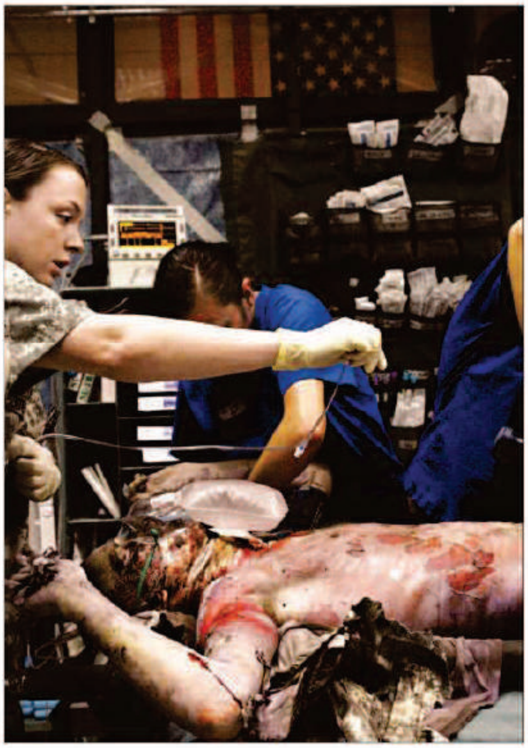
When the 28-year-old van Agtmael was a kid, he was seduced by the images of war and imagined becoming a soldier someday. "I was really fascinated by World War II, which my grandpa served in," he says. "But then I saw a brutal book of war photography and it completely freaked me out. It sensitized me and gave me the realization that I never wanted to kill anybody. That couldn't be my path. I couldn't drop bombs or shoot. It was too shocking."

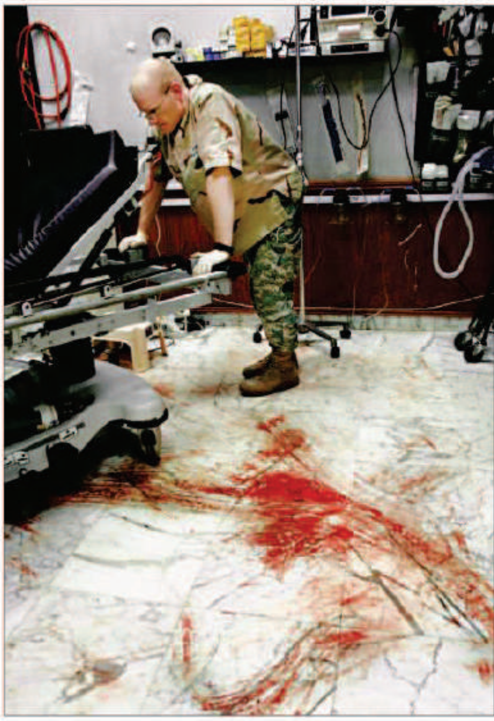
Despite this revelation, van Agtmael ended up going to war anyway.

Five times over the course of three and a half years, he was embedded with frontline units in Iraq and Afghanistan as a photographer. Five times he would find himself in intensive firefights, subject to mortar attacks, and the witness of many detonated roadside improvised explosive devices, or IEDs. "Most of the time I leave, I think I shouldn't go back," he tells me. "I think to myself that I've gotten all I can out of this situation. And the next opportunity comes around and I never hesitate to go back. It's in my blood."

And now he's documented some of the experiences he shared with the soldiers and Marines he served with in a book called *2nd Tour, Hope I Don't Die,* published by Photolucida. It consists of 73 bleak, understated, shocking, and sometimes contradictory images that bear witness to America's current wars and the precious few who have volunteered to serve their nation.

And like the book of combat photos of his childhood, van Agtmael's images are also brutal. There are pictures detailing the aftermath of a suicide bomber, of the mess that remains after surgery in an Army field hospital, and of exhausted, war-weary soldiers struggling to keep their heads above water. One particularly horrific image shows a soldier on an operating-room table after being blown up by an IED in a roadside explosion; there are burns on 90 percent of his body, and the soldier's skin is so translucent that you can see the muscles underneath.

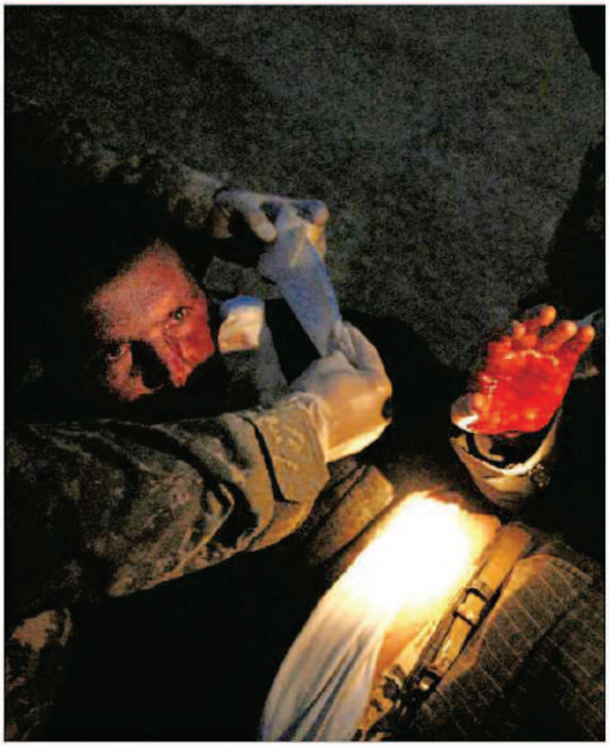




But the images aren't simply a collection of American heroics; there are also images of soldiers victimizing Iraqi families, as van Agtmael "blurs the line between perpetrator and victim." The images are purposefully diverse—weary mud-covered soldiers on one page, on the next, Fleet Week in New York City with the public fawning over soldiers in neatly pressed uniforms as they stand beside tanks tied with festive balloons. A bloodied soldier in Iraq on one page, a father home from Afghanistan playing with his children on the next. The effect is chilling, and reflective of the litany of perspectives and experiences that war inhabits within an army of soldiers and within the mind of a nation.

Sight unseen, it's the sort of book that partisans might criticize, suggesting that showing the wounded reality of war is somehow staking a political position. Some might argue that such images of wounded warriors are exploitation, like photographing flag-draped coffins. But for van Agtmael, it's a form of due respect, as if to say, *This is what our soldiers have endured to fight what was supposed to be a shared war.*

Collectively, the images are some-



The effect of the photographs is chilling, and reflective of the litany of perspectives and experiences that war inhabits within an army of soldiers and within the mind of a nation.

times confusing, but it's a confusion that reflects the reality of war. We have become so accustomed to politicizing the war for one purpose or another that a simple, raw viewing of the experience becomes unsettling.

"For me, the truth is always shifting," van Agtmael explains. "There is great tenderness and great brutality within the same people simultaneously. You can have someone bend over backward for you. He's good to his friends, good to his family. But he can also blow up a building." Van Agtmael is referring to a picture of a dirty soldier rising from his position in a trench as he pets two dogs. The caption tells the story of a soldier shooting a dog to pieces after it urinated on his equipment. "The soldiers were cuddling the dogs and feeding the dogs, and then wouldn't hesitate to shoot the dogs. The whole idea of the duality of man is something that I find fascinating. Every picture is a self-portrait in some way. I feel all these contradictions in myself, and I see them in others, and I try to embody them in the pictures." As he writes in his prologue, "There are so many forms of perception to make sense of, and they are mostly inconsistent."

What the book lacks, with its captions that refuse analysis, is a moral judgment about America's most recent conflicts. "I'm not a pundit on the war," van Agtmael says. "I'm looking at war from a historical standpoint. This isn't a liberal polemic or a Republican one." Then, as if to demonstrate the point, we talk about one of his photographs of a pro-war rally at the Washington Monument, where a participant asked him if he was for or against the war. "I said I was neither, but that I'd been to Iraq and Afghanistan as a photographer. He was fine with me after that."

The one opinion to be found, and one that resonates throughout the book, is the tenderness the photog feels toward the soldiers and Marines whose images he's captured. It's an emotion revealed both in his humanizing photographs, and in his unique choice to follow some of the soldiers home to America, where he witnessed many of them having "trouble moving on and putting the past to rest."

Van Agtmael's selection of photos of rural America to represent the home front reflects his anger that the burden of war is being carried almost entirely by a small fraction of society—by the poor, by the people from small-town America who suffer the consequences of decisions but have little voice in the decisions themselves.

"A lot of the towns I ended up going to were small and isolated," he explains. "The fact is, not a lot of kids from the suburbs are joining up. The people who are bearing the burden of these wars are a really small part of society, and it's a self-selected part of society. I went to a liberal private school and then Yale. I was moving through a peer group that had absolutely no attachment to America. When you're in middle-class intellectual circles, these things just aren't discussed—national service, pride in country. What's important is one's self, one's own ambition."

The images in the book aren't linear, nor do they follow the story of a single unit or even a single war. They jump back and forth in time as they intermittently document Iraq, Afghanistan, and the home front. The effect is both purposeful and powerful—a top-down view that blurs the distinction between combat zone and home, between the Iraq theater of operations and Afghanistan. It's a glimpse inside what might be the fractured memory of a soldier moving endlessly from one deployment to another. "The point is, the wars are intertwined in the American experience," van Agtmael says. "The American experience for soldiers, for journalists, going here to Iraq, there to Afghanistan, back and forth, and [to] the U.S. in between multiple tours. I wanted the book to reflect that chaos."

Van Agtmael's book also offers a bleak outlook on our chances for victory in Afghanistan—what was once, nine years ago, considered the "good" war, the necessary war. One of his favorite images is of Nick Sprovtsoff, who was stationed alone with a platoon of Afghan army soldiers who refused to go out on patrol and instead stayed in their barracks watching movies. Sergeant Sprovtsoff looks forlorn within the darkness as he hugs his pillow and watches television, as if his entire purpose on the deployment was a futile gesture. It's a shot that, for van Agtmael, acts as a metaphor for the state of the war.

"We took contact on every patrol we went out on [this last time]," he explains. "That was the most consistent fighting I've ever seen, on this last embed. When I first started going there two years ago, you could go around a pretty decent area around Kabul without a problem. Now you can't go anywhere without a significant threat of kidnapping. Kabul a few years ago was really mellow and now it's turned into a mini Green Zone. It's getting worse as far as I can tell."

Van Agtmael is tentatively planning a return to Iraq later this year. It will be his sixth time in a combat zone.

beach bunny

We've got our eye on Jessica Wilson, who provides the most compelling evidence we've ever seen that *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue shortchanges American men. When it comes to tall, hot, scantily clad blondes at the beach, hints of nudity are a pale second to actual nudity. Now if we could only get our arms around her....

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"This shoot was perfect for me because I love being on the beach. The sand, the water, the water sports…. Being out on the beach makes me feel very free."

"I have an associate's degree in business, but then I went to a technical school for a massage-therapy degree. I do massage, model, and even work as a cashier when things are slow."

“The most daring thing I’ve ever done was race go-karts and sprint cars when I was about 14. Now that I’m older and a bit wiser, I stick to watching racing on television.”

THE BIG RIP

JESSICA WILSON
JANUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

H

JESSICA WILSON

JANUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

JESSICA WILSON
JANUARY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
22 years old
34-28-36; 6′2″

Hometown:
Hernando, Mississippi.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
It's close to Memphis, and I love the country and rural areas of Mississippi.

Favorite food:
Italian, Mexican, soul food.

Favorite drink:
Dr. Pepper or wine.

Favorite music:
Rap, soul, hip-hop, rock, blues, country.

Favorite way to relax:
Sip wine at the beach.

Favorite workout:
Running.

Favorite sports:
Tennis, golf, and watching football, racing, Ultimate Fighting, and mixed martial arts.

You're always up for:
A good time.

You're never up for:
Drama.

Jessica Wilson

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CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
COST: $1.99 TO $2.99/MINUTE

"My perfect guy has a tall order to fulfill … literally. He'll be taller than I am and about my age, funny, and have a big heart. And since the most exciting place I've ever made love is on a boat in the middle of the ocean, he'll have a big boat, too."

February 2010

PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Month

Heidi Baron

On newsstands
January 19th, 2010

Calendar Girls

When it comes to suggesting last-minute gifts, we hate to distract anyone from the Penthouse Pet and Penthouse Pinup 2010 calendars, but we believe in surrounding ourselves with as many naked and/or scantily clad women as possible.

It's no secret that Pets Aria Giovanni, Jana Jordan, and Justine Joli are the definition of nerdy hotness. Now fans can enjoy the geek goddesses in the 2010 Nerdcore horror-themed calendar. The girls got into the gore; just check out Aria in the homage to *Army of Darkness.* (Sadly, they're on a nonbeige car!) Justine got wet and wild for her take on the *Psycho* shower scene. "They kept having to spray me down, and I was freezing my balls off," she tells us. "Luckily, it was a hot day in L.A., so I didn't really mind." Cover girl Jana Jordan took on *Poltergeist,* and she jokes, "Even though you can't see my face and my tattoos were Photoshopped out, somehow people still know it's me. I guess I have an ass that's easily remembered!"

You may not notice the calendar listings at first, as admiring the ladies is such a pleasant way to spend some time, but you'll find the geekiest dates of the year. Of course, San Diego Comic-Con and the Alternative Press Expo are included, but there are also listings for the birthdays for top genre actors, key fictional events, and major upcoming movie releases. Justine tells us she was a fan of the calendars even before she was a calendar girl. "They did a videogame calendar the first year, and I loved it. When they approached me to pose, I couldn't say no. I'm very serious when I say I'm a nerd, and the guys from Nerdcore are kindred spirits."

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser

Queen of the Cage

Beautiful blonde Pet Lux Kassidy appeared in a poster with UFC fighter Georges St. Pierre promoting the King of the Cage mixed martial arts fights. Lux is a big fight enthusiast and stays in shape by training for MMA fights herself. "I enjoy being glamorous," she says, "but I love being athletic, tight, and hard-bodied—and a little bit intimidating, too. I could kick some ass!" She spends most of her time on the MMA circuit as a ring girl, but Lux was recently asked if she's up for a little cage action of her own. "It's a possibility," she says. "Maybe sometime next year."

Smokin' Pets

Wherever there are new Penthouse products, Pets are close behind. The girls are big fans of the brand—January 2009 Pet Teagan Presley has even Twittered about her favorite Penthouse pants—and they like to show their Pet pride at appearances promoting the magazine and the company's products. New Penthouse Lingerie items were launched at the International Lingerie Show this past September, and Pet Lux Kassidy and new Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen went to Las Vegas to model their favorites. Taylor was all about the shoes, showing off the newest fuzzy boots and the hottest high heels. "I love the new Penthouse shoes," she says. "I want to buy every pair." Lux proudly displayed a PET-emblazoned thong and showed off the new Penthouse cigars, all while sporting her own pair of Penthouse boots. Lux says, "I've been wearing the Penthouse clothes and jewelry everywhere I go. They're awesome!" The girls also met fans, many of whom showed up with photos and magazines for the centerfolds to sign. "It was a blast," Taylor said. "Lux and I had a lot of fun."

> **"I love having sex and being sexual more than anything else in the world. I've often wondered if I could even be a sex addict. But then I think, *Is that really a problem?*"**
>
> —March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olson

High-tech Booty Calls

A quick and dirty guide to navigating the largest sex and swingers website on the planet.

By Sarah Klein

CHANCES ARE, YOU'VE HEARD OF ADULTFRIENDFINDER.COM. Maybe one of your buddies spent a beer-soaked happy hour regaling you with a tale of how he hooked up through the site. Perhaps you caught a quick blip on the news—or you may have seen an ad for the site in this very publication. AdultFriendFinder was acquired by *Penthouse* last year, a move that turned the combined enterprise, FriendFinder Networks, into the largest men's lifestyle company in the world. And yet some folks still don't understand what AdultFriendFinder.com is all about.

First, a bit more backstory: AdultFriendFinder is the largest site under the FriendFinder Networks umbrella, which operates several dozen online personals sites that range from PG-rated to strictly adult. FriendFinder.com was launched in 1996, and AdultFriendFinder soon followed. Over the past decade, AdultFriendFinder has grown into one of the most popular sites on the Web, boasting more than 30 million member profiles and consistently ranking as one of the 50 most-visited sites on the Internet.

At its core, AdultFriendFinder is a place to find companions among the profiled members, who include single males and females, couples, and swingers. They post racy photos and videos of themselves, and use the social-networking features to connect with one another. But it's not all about the sex, although there's plenty to be found if that's what you're looking for.

And therein lies the key to AdultFriendFinder: It's all about what *you* are looking for. Since there are millions of members from around the globe, the site is able to provide a little something for everybody—from voyeurs to exhibitionists, bloggers to experts, lurkers to chatters, kinksters to swingers, and everything in between. Among the many features of the site, you'll find:

■ LIVE BROADCASTS

AdultFriendFinder members love to show off—and they've got webcams so they can prove it. Log on at any time, day or night, and you'll find millions of members broadcasting live from their beds, living rooms, and rec rooms. Some are hanging out, some are showing off, and some are taking requests. Watch to your heart's content, or join in the fun and broadcast yourself.

■ BLOGGING

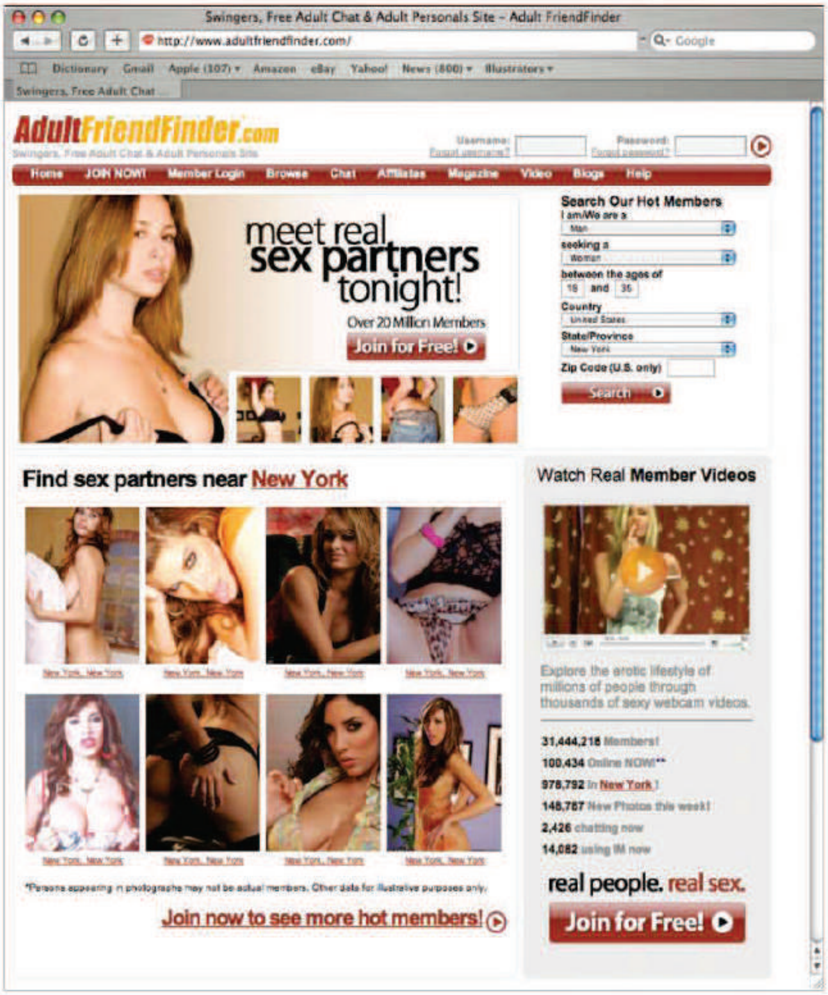
AdultFriendFinder is home to a huge blogging community that covers everything from erotic stories to sexual conquests to dirty humor. With more than 400,000 member blogs to peruse, you'll never get bored. You can even "watch" your favorite bloggers, so you'll never miss out on the latest exploits of that hot couple from Miami or the cute, single redhead from New Orleans.

■ MEMBER VIDEOS

AdultFriendFinder's Video Introduction allows members to create their own pre-recorded video and share it with the world. Many of our members use this feature to live out their porn-star fantasies, often finding fame and fans within our Hottest Member Videos Gallery, which showcases the most popular and highly rated videos.

■ CHAT ROOMS

One of our most popular features, the AdultFriendFinder chat rooms,


Swingers, Free Adult Chat & Adult Personals Site – Adult FriendFinder
http://www.adultfriendfinder.com/
AdultFriendFinder.com
Swingers, Free Adult Chat & Adult Personals Site
Username:
Password:
Home
JOIN NOW!
Member Login
Browse
Chat
Affiliates
Magazine
Video
Blogs
Help
meet real sex partners tonight!
Over 20 Million Members
Join for Free!
Search Our Hot Members
I am/We are a
Man
seeking a
Woman
between the ages of
18 and 35
Country
United States
State/Province
New York
Zip Code (U.S. only)
Search
Find sex partners near New York
Watch Real Member Videos
Explore the erotic lifestyle of millions of people through thousands of sexy webcam videos.
31,444,218 Members!
100,434 Online NOW!
978,792 in New York!
148,787 New Photos this week!
2,426 chatting now
14,082 using IM now
*Persons appearing in photographs may not be actual members. Other data for illustrative purposes only.
real people. real sex.
Join for Free!
Join now to see more hot members!

lets you connect with members from around the globe in racy live conversations that can range from the silly to the profound. You can also arrange private chats, which allow you to intimately share a chat room with the women of your choosing. AdultFriendFinder is also known for its Interest Group chat rooms (more on Groups below), which narrow the focus to topical issues. This helps you find the folks who are into the same things you are—and allows the curious to explore new avenues.

INTEREST GROUPS

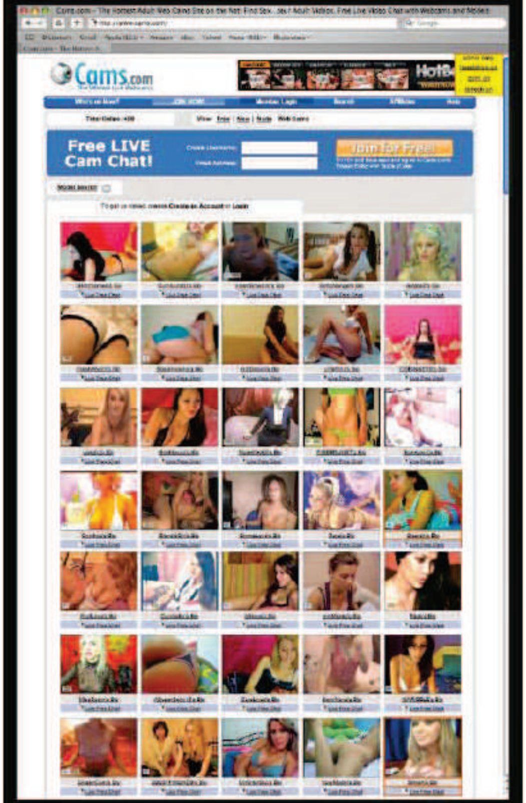
AdultFriendFinder has more than 130,000 interest groups where members can discuss their favorite sexual topics and create their own groups. It's a great way to home in on folks near you, since you can browse local groups in your area (a popular feature for the many swingers groups on the site). Groups include Younger Women for Older Men, Girls Watching Guys on Cam, Folks That Love Sex—you get the picture. Each interest group has its own dedicated chat room, so you can chat with like-minded or local members any time, day or night.

AdultFriendFinder has several levels of membership, from free to premium; some, but not all, of the above features are available to free members. AdultFriendFinder also has this nifty little innovation called a point system; you're awarded points just for using the site (posting blogs, uploading photos, etc.) that you can redeem for a premium membership. It's a fun, no-risk way to try on a premium membership and see what and where it can get you.

There you have it. But, of course, the best way to understand how much AdultFriendFinder has to offer is to experience it firsthand. Spend a day exploring, and you might just end up with some real-time explorations with a hottie down the block. There's only one way to find out!

Of course, the fun doesn't end with AdultFriendFinder. Try some of the other sites under our umbrella.

- If you love watching pretty girls broadcast live on camera, check out **Cams.com,** home to the most beautiful cam girls on the Web. They broadcast 24 hours a day, straight from their beds.


Cams.com
Free LIVE Cam Chat!
Join for Free!

ALT.com
FREE!

- If you like a little slap with your tickle, check out our kinky sister site **Alt.com**. It has many of the same features as AdultFriendFinder, but with a deliciously darker edge. Use it to explore the online realms of fetishes, role-play, dominance, and submission—as well as to find potential partners for real-time adventures.

GET IT ON
Find your perfect sexual match!

- Looking for sexual compatibility? Check out our newest site, **GetItOn.com,** which provides members with a detailed survey that results in targeted sexual-compatibility matches. You can get exactly what you want.

At its core, AdultFriendFinder is a place to find companions, as one of our favorite couples can attest. Lee and Dre, known on AdultFriendFinder as Tat2dinvegas, use the social-networking features to connect with new friends and partners. Like we said, AdultFriendFinder members love to show off!

> "We love AdultFriendFinder for many reasons, but first and foremost, we actually met each other on the website and have been having fun together ever since! What we love most about AdultFriendFinder is the ability to be completely honest without fear of being judged by closed-minded people. We have met some great people, made some meaningful friendships, and had some wild and crazy times, too! Most of all, we just love that we can be ourselves."

Bang the Girl Next Door

Local Hotties Looking to

Get Laid!

With over 20 million members worldwide, you'll find exactly who you're looking for on AdultFriendFinder!

Join for FREE!

www.adultfriendfinder.com

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AdultFriendFinder®.com

Swingers, Free Adult Chat & Adult Personals Site

cherry popping

The sexual tension between Cherry and Anita has been growing for weeks, and Anita can't wait to coach her friend through her first girl-girl experience. Finally, she dares Cherry to a game of strip dice, knowing it won't take long for things to get hot and heavy.

Photographs by Beck Images

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF CHERRY AND ANITA'S CLOSE ENCOUNTER AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

The Wild Bunch

Thousands of hawks are beaten to death every year, and federal agent Ed Newcomer thrives on tracking down the killers. But more than that, he and his fellow wildlife cops love the animals they protect.

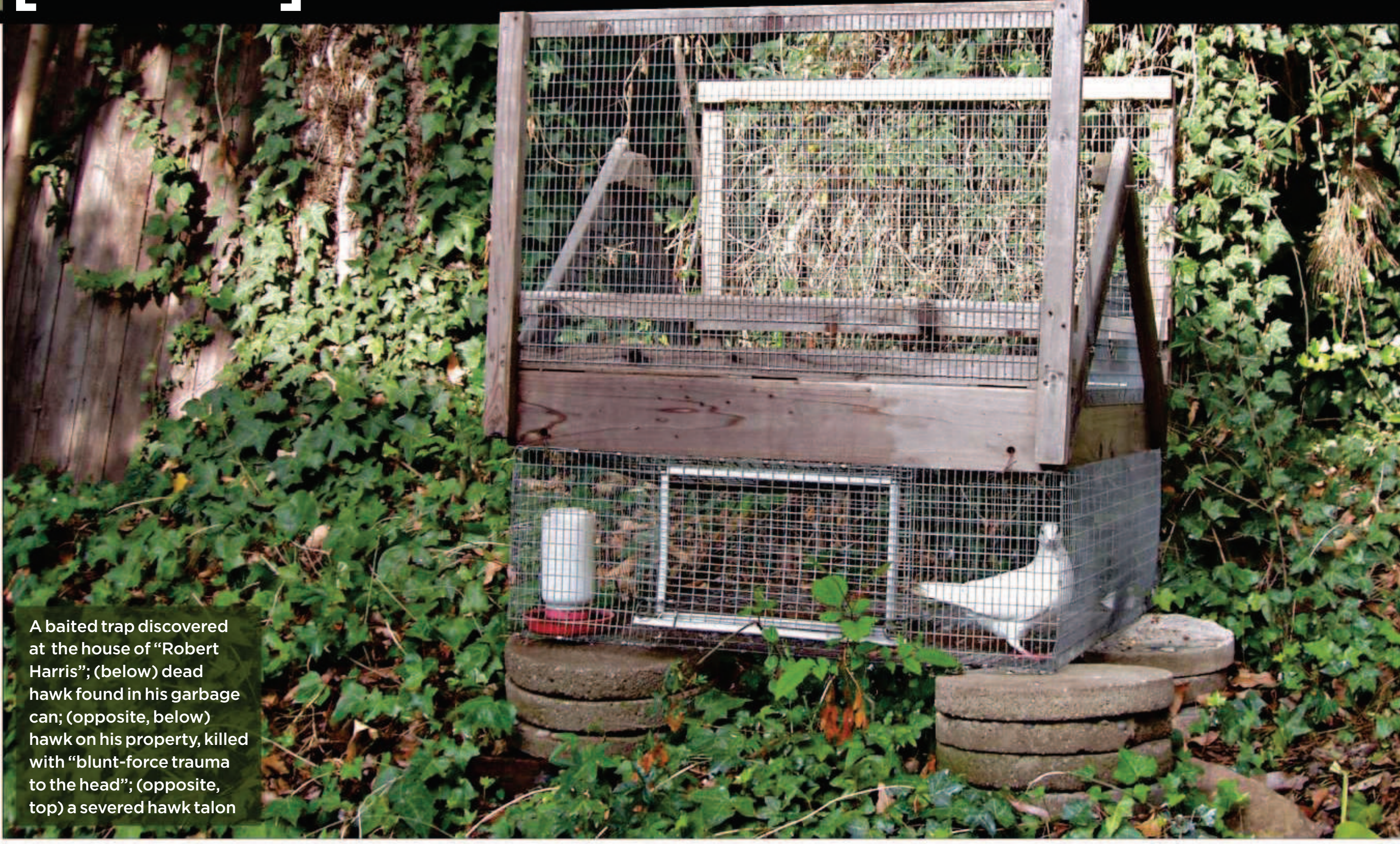
By Peter Laufer

The seedy Los Angeles parking lot of the McDonald's at Sunset and Western, an intersection strewn with trash, the restaurant grounds protected by a high fence from the street scene, is a locale crowded with a collection of characters actively engaged in what a friend of mine calls "skulking with intent to lurk." My appointment there was with U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Special Agent Ed Newcomer. Ed had called me and asked if I wanted to witness the type of surveillance work he does to build cases against violators of fish and game laws.

"Wear boots and grubby clothes," he had warned.

For a year, Ed had been working undercover infiltrating local roller-pigeon clubs. Roller pigeons get their name from the odd behavior they exhibit of falling and rolling in flight. Aficionados breed the pigeons to roll and fall as much as possible without crashing to the ground. During competitions, trainers get points for their pigeons based on the number and style of rolls they make while flying in circles with other birds. The trouble is, hawks eat pigeons, and when pigeons are rolling and falling they look as if they are in distress and, hence, easy prey. There are some 250 roller-club members in Los Angeles and, during his investigation, Ed found only one who said he refused to kill the pursuing hawks.

Urban Los Angeles is home to a vibrant community of hawks. As Ed became "one of the guys" at the three pigeon clubs he joined, pigeon trainers freely explained the hawk problem to him. And they freely told him that they trapped, shot, poisoned,



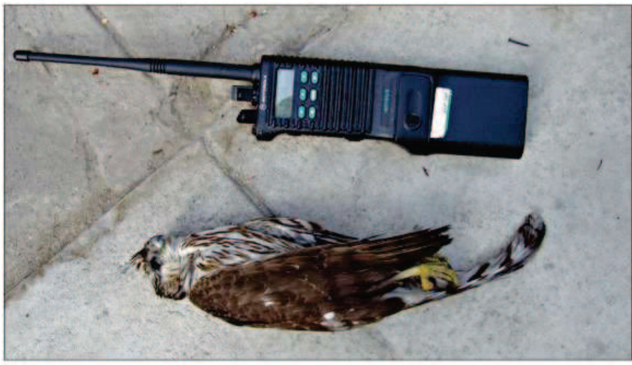
A baited trap discovered at the house of "Robert Harris"; (below) dead hawk found in his garbage can; (opposite, below) hawk on his property, killed with "blunt-force trauma to the head"; (opposite, top) a severed hawk talon

and clubbed hawks. Ed set up surveillance cameras pointed at club members' homes and secured footage of his new colleagues baiting traps and catching hawks. They then shot or beat the hawks to death. He had pictures of them dumping the dead birds—with gunshot wounds or blunt-force trauma—into their garbage cans, birds Ed and his crew gathered from the garbage for evidence.

I followed Ed's undercover car up into the Hollywood Hills, a short hop from the squalor of Sunset and Western to the multimillion-dollar homes with sweeping views of the Los Angeles Basin. We parked at a quiet corner, and Ed pulled on his bulletproof vest. FEDERAL AGENT was written in big, bright letters on the back, and he wore a badge over his heart. His semiautomatic pistol and handcuffs were on his belt. He stashed night-vision binoculars in his backpack and briefed me on what to expect as I followed him. We were going to hike a few hundred yards up a culvert that runs between the swank homes, continuing up the hill until we were looking into the backyard of the national president of the leading roller-pigeon club.

"Since I've got the vest, if there's any trouble just stay behind me," Ed suggested. His biggest concern was that we would stumble upon a homeless person living in the culvert who would consider us trespassers on his property, but he also mentioned that if the homeowner we were spying on saw us, that, too, could turn ugly. We walked half a block down the sidewalk. During a break in traffic, Ed motioned for me to follow him. He had already alerted the LAPD that we were in the neighborhood so that if a citizen spotted the two of us prowling around, the city cops would know why. We scaled a cyclone fence and headed toward our prey.

"Keep down," Ed warned as we hiked. We could see in the windows of the homes; presumably they could see us on this warm night with a cloud cover that reflected the city lights. "Try to be quiet," he said as my footsteps snapped branches and what sounded like discarded Styrofoam containers. When we arrived at the backyard in question, Ed retrieved the night scopes. He eased up to the fence and looked over. No trap was where he had last observed one. He panned the yard and found it, moved behind a tree. He motioned me over and I looked through the binoculars. The night turned bright as day, and where he had pointed was the wire-mesh trap, waiting to snag a hawk.

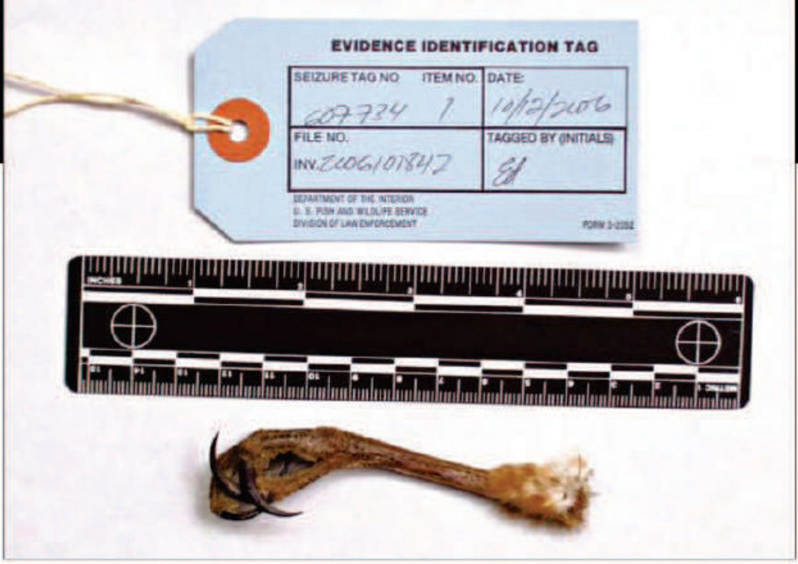


I gave Ed a thumbs-up and we headed down to the street. Each day he can witness a baited hawk trap, it's another criminal count.

When we arrived back at the car, Ed pulled off his vest. "Was that fun?" he asked. This is a man who clearly loves his work, but it's not just the thrill of the chase. He loves the animals he protects. While he was packing up the binoculars, he glanced across the street and pointed. His voice was excited: "Look! A coyote!" And sure enough, a scrawny coyote was ambling down the sidewalk, another example of the urban-wildlife interface that is Los Angeles.

A couple of days later, Ed and I met again at Sunset and Western, this time just after dawn and accompanied by backup: other Fish and Wildlife

PHOTOGRAPHS PROVIDED BY THE US FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE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agents, California Department of Fish and Game wardens, and LAPD officers. Ed had his warrants and we were poised to arrest a man we'll call Robert Harris, the president of a local roller club, for killing hawks. Ed's easy smile was gone as he gathered his troops for a pre-raid briefing, filling them in first on the crime and then on his strategy for the arrest. Fish and Game specialists estimate about 1,500 hawks are killed each year by pigeon racers in Los Angeles alone. "Look for talons," Ed instructed regarding evidence. Pigeon-owner hawk killers cut off talons as trophies and give them away as gifts; some hang them from their cars' rearview mirrors instead of fuzzy dice. Possessing any part of a falcon or hawk is a violation of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Harris had bragged to Ed that he kills 40 to 50 hawks a year, saying, "I don't shoot 'em; I hit 'em with a stick." He was concerned that gunfire would disturb his upscale neighbors.

The plan was to get up to Harris's house before he left for the day. Our seven-car motorcade raced to Harris's neo-Tudor house and its perfectly manicured lawn and garden. The LAPD officers jumped out and secured the perimeter. Ed knocked on the front door, warrant in hand. "Police!" he barked out. "Open the door!" It opened a crack, and the surprised and scared maid said a soft, "*Qué?*" While agents flooded the backyard and searched, a Spanish-speaking agent convinced the maid to call Harris. He said he'd be back in ten minutes. During the wait, Ed and his team located the trap baited with a live pigeon, and found a dead hawk in a garbage can.

"Here he comes," one of the LAPD officers called out as Harris's car came up the hill. It pulled into the driveway and a female agent, her badge and gun backing up the FEDERAL AGENT scrawled across her bulletproof vest, approached the driver. "Are you Robert Harris?" As soon as he said yes, she told him, "You're under arrest." A handcuffed Harris—in an elegant sport jacket and slacks, looking bewildered—was led over to an unmarked Fish and Wildlife Chevy Tahoe, and belted into the backseat. He appeared shocked as she read him his Miranda rights, complaining that he didn't know why he was being arrested. "Migratory Bird Treaty violations," she told him. Another female agent joined her at the squad car, and the two of them began questioning him. Here we were, just above Hollywood, and the scene was cinematic: two blondes with movie-star looks interrogating a confused and trapped suspect, a man accustomed to being in charge and instead cowering in fear.

I watched and listened as Harris meekly squawked excuses and denials to their queries about the trap and the hawks he caught. But while he was insisting over and over that he took any hawks caught in the trap out to the desert and released them far from his pigeons, other agents were digging into his garbage cans, where they found a freshly killed hawk.

"Happy?" I asked Ed as the Tahoe pulled away, hauling the still shocked and pale-looking Harris downtown for booking.

"Oh, yeah," he smiled. "We found a hawk in the garbage, and that's the quintessential body in law enforcement." He said he was sure his crime lab would prove it was killed by blunt-force trauma, as he preened again, "We have the body!"

In November 2007, Harris plead guilty to 16 counts of violating the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. He was sentenced to, among other things, 180 days in jail (which was suspended provided he did not violate the terms of probation during a five-year period), a $10,000 fine, $15,000 restitution payable to the Los Angeles Audubon Society Chapter's Raptor Rehabilitation Compensation Fund, surrender of his hawk trap and .22 caliber rifle, and published apologies in two consecutive issues of his club's bulletin.

Harris bragged that he kills 40 to 50 hawks a year, saying, "I don't shoot 'em; I hit 'em with a stick." He was concerned that gunfire would disturb his upscale neighbors.

Take Her Around the World

Whether you're jetting across the ocean or just dreaming of getting away, these sensational sex toys will guarantee a very satisfying journey.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

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9
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PENTHOUSE
7

Your finances may not allow you to take your girlfriend on a real trip around the world, but you can take her on an imaginary orgasmic tour of the world's top sex locales with a set of Penthouse City Vibes. Each of these sex toys is inspired by and dedicated to a different city—Los Angeles, Shanghai, New Orleans, Rome, and Paris—and each package includes a sexcapades-filled *Penthouse* letter.

If she loves all things Italian, get her the Penthouse City Rome vibrator **(1)** and give her some *dolce amore*. This is a sleek and metallic-looking finger vibrator with a nub on the tip and an on/off switch to control single-speed vibrations.

The Penthouse City Paris vibrator **(2)** is small and smooth, with a powerful motor in its tip, and features four types of vibration. The Push-4-Play is easy to operate with a single touch for the *voilà!* effect. Ooh-la-la!

Things get kinkier if you take her further east. The Penthouse City Shanghai box **(3)** contains metallic Ben Wa Balls, a modern twist on the favorite toy of geisha girls. These are ideal for Kegel strengthening exercises, or for getting her all hot and bothered and ready for intercourse—make her wear them while she's waiting for you.

If she prefers to buy American, get her the Penthouse City Los Angeles **(4)** or New Orleans **(5)** vibrators. The Los Angeles vibe is petite and curvy with a polished shaft and swirled surface, and has faux-diamond accents on the bottom in honor of that city's ostentatious glamour. The New Orleans vibe is slender, so it's perfect for beginners or those who prefer a modest girth with some length.

If you take her on a real trip, make sure she brings along a petite, compact toy—one that is unlikely to go off in her carry-on as she's going through security. Penthouse's Mode Touch Bullet **(6)** is a perfect travel toy, as it has a separate on/off button and a touch-pad controller to adjust the level of vibration with a tap of your thumb. This innovative design allows for gradual adjustment of vibration (with seven types of vibration and pulsation), and makes it less likely to go off full-blast and cause a ruckus with security agents (if you want to be totally secure, take the batteries out before packing). The other alluring feature of this waterproof, egg-shaped toy is its silky-smooth surface, which can be used for both internal and external play.

For those who prefer direct clitoral stimulation, I highly recommend the Cyber Flicker 5X bullet **(7)**, also from the Penthouse Mode Collection. Its oval-shaped body has a flexible flicker tip that provides direct clitoral stimulation quite similar to that of a teasing tongue. It's made of supersoft CyberSkin and has five levels of pulsation and vibration.

When your tongue needs a break, the Cyber Flicker will come to your rescue.

If she likes more penetration power, get her the Mode Gyrating Massager **(8)**. It has a sleek, seven-inch-long ribbed shaft perfect for vaginal exploration, and sparkly rhinestones around the base where the turn dial is, making it both chic-looking and easy to locate. The feel of this massager will get her wet with anticipation, and its pleasurable gyrating motion—which few toys have—will leave her writhing in ecstasy. An added bonus: The Massager fits perfectly into a condom, which means you can use it for alternating vaginal and anal play; practice safe sex by slipping the condom on when inserting it in her rear, and taking it off when sliding it into her pussy.

If you enjoy both vaginal and anal play, the safest sex is to use toys specifically designed for anal play, and then only use them anally. The Slimline Anal Explorer **(9)** by Penthouse is perfect for backdoor beginners. This slender but powerful vibrator has a soft and superflexible six-inch sleeve for comfortable anal exploration. Make sure to put a bit of lube inside the sleeve before putting it on the vibrator—as well as lots of lube on top of the sleeve before inserting it. She's guaranteed to become an anal queen.

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By Jonathan Fin

Kimberly Williams 36DD Breasts

Grab a mouthful of the most perfect tits you've ever seen ... or fucked. These tatas, which were molded from June 2007 Pet of the Month Kimberly Williams's awe-inspiring rack, are truly top of the line. Whether you're sucking her hard pink nipples or sliding your cock up and down her cleavage, the soft but firm PleasureSkin material and hand-painted details look and feel like the real thing.

Hanna Hilton Pet Love Doll

Want to fuck a Penthouse Pet? We know, stupid question. Of course you do. We know for a fact that the gorgeous Hanna Hilton, our December 2006 Pet of the Month, and her 34D tits are the object of many fantasies. The Pet Love Doll comes ready to fuck—doggie-style obviously—and the naturally curvy cutie takes it all, anywhere you want. And she comes with a repair kit, so you can tear that shit up over and over and over again.

Heather Vandeven CyberSkin Mouth Stroker

Finally, a sexy mouth that serves only one purpose: sucking you off. The CyberSkin material and hand-painted design enhance the realism of this toy, which was molded from the lips of 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven. Its portable size means it's easy to store discreetly, and the ribbed texture inside makes for the best blowjob you'll ever have alone. Add a little water-based lubricant to get a realistic slobbering feel.

Cassia Riley CyberSkin Pussy Stroker

The phrase *pocket pussy* just doesn't do this justice. The CyberSkin texture is so realistic, you'll swear you're fucking 2006 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Cassia Riley. As with all our Penthouse Pet toys, this was molded directly from its namesake and hand-painted in painstaking detail. Seriously, this is the most lifelike fake vagina you can find. When used with lube on the ribbed inside, it feels like Cassia's cute cunt is coming all over your cock.

Penthouse Pets are the dream hookup, but you can make the most out of settling for the next best thing. Pick your favorite body part. We've got a toy for that.

Justine Joli CyberSkin Footjob Stoker

Nothing feels like a footjob, and with this ultrarealistic Footjob Stroker, you'll never want for one again. It was molded from our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up's adorable size-6 1/2 feet. They feature firm arches that squeeze you tight, with space between them that's just begging for your dick. Let her hand-painted toenails tease your sensitive spots ... slide fishnet stockings over those sexy soles ... or let her wear your mouth like a shoe.

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Sweet Pet
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Naughty Pet

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your smile on?

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destiny's child

Nineteen-year-old Akira Jade was interested in posing for *Penthouse,* and we're sure her 34-26-34 curves and sultry good looks would have gotten our attention in time. Thankfully, we didn't have to wait. "I was reading an issue of *Penthouse* and had just decided to send in my photos when my photographer friend called and told me he needed a girl to shoot for *Penthouse*. Of course I said yes! It's like it was destined to be."

Photographs by Edwin Jammer

"I'm a go-go dancer, which is the perfect job for me. I love being the center of attention, and it's fun to entertain a drunken crowd."

"Being at work for me is basically the same as going out, so when I get free time I like to chill by watching a movie or having dinner with my friends."

"I've always fantasized about being a naughty teacher. So far my bad-girl side has led to me making love on the rooftop of a hotel in Vegas—until we got busted by the security guard."

“I am a book of contradictions. I’m sweet yet feisty, shy yet outspoken, subtle yet unforgettable. The minute you think you’ve figured me out, I’ll surprise you.”

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SEE MORE OF AKIRA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

The Pickup

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXIII: Lusty Hunters, Sexy Prey, *published by Grand Central Publishing*

I was walking home from my friend's house one summer afternoon when I heard a man's voice from behind me. "Hello there," he said. As I looked around, I saw a man and a woman sitting in a Porsche. "Could you come over here for a moment?" the man asked.

I walked over to the car, figuring that they were lost and needed directions.

"How are you this afternoon?" asked the man.

"Fine," I answered.

"I need to ask you a question, if you don't mind."

I shrugged. "Sure," I said.

"How would you like to fuck my wife?" the man said.

I was dumbfounded. I had no idea what to say. I had heard of things like this happening to other people, but had never thought it could happen to me. But from what I could see, the woman looked attractive, and I was young and horny. "Sure!" I said nervously. I saw the woman's eyes light up with delight.

I got into the backseat at their invitation, and the car started up. I still couldn't believe this was happening.

"I'm George," the man said. "And this is my wife, Sally."

"I'm Dan," I said, still nervous.

"So how old are you?" asked Sally.

"I'm 18," I replied.

"Have you ever had sex with an older woman?" she asked.

"No, but I have been with four different girls my own age." After that we made some more small talk, until the car pulled into a motel parking lot.

Once inside the room, we sat and talked for a while. I was wearing shorts and a cut-off tank top, and as we talked Sally started to rub my bare thigh. Immediately my cock began to swell. Sally quickly turned her attention to the growing bulge in my shorts.

I saw George move around in front of Sally and put his cock in her mouth. I pounded away at her as she sucked on her husband's dick.

"That looks nice," she said, as she started unbuttoning my shorts. I looked at George to make sure he wasn't getting mad or anything, and I saw that he had moved the coffee table to get a better view of what his wife was doing.

By this time, Sally had my eight-incher out of my shorts and was stroking it gently. "That is a nice cock," she said.

I stood up and took off my shorts. My dick was level with her mouth, and she started kissing it in a way it had never been kissed. Then with one smooth stroke she took more than half of it into her mouth, and I almost fainted. None of the girls I had been with had known how to suck cock like this. Eager to see Sally naked, I reached down and pulled her to her feet. We kissed passionately, our hands exploring each other's body. I reached down to the hem of her skirt and pulled it up, soon discovering that she wasn't wearing panties. She had a nice firm ass, which felt great in my hands. As I rubbed it, she pulled her shirt up over her head and revealed the most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. She was completely naked in front of me. My cock was hard as a diamond and sticking straight out.

I heard a noise coming from the corner of the room and looked around to see George stroking his own cock.

"Don't worry about him," Sally said as she began to caress my dick again.

I put my hand on her pussy, and she let out a gentle sigh as I slid a finger into her slit. It was as wet as a river. This was great! I laid her back on the couch and began to kiss her slit gently while kneading her breasts with my hands. Sally began to squirm, so I went on, licking the length of her pussy and getting my first taste of cunt juice. It was so sweet I couldn't stop as Sally writhed and wriggled under my inexperienced mouth. I put my tongue into her cunt as far as it would go, experiencing a different taste as Sally bucked like a wild horse. Then I realized she was having an orgasm, and I slurped up every bit of her juices.

"That was *sooo* good," Sally said, sitting up. "Now I want that cock inside me." She pushed me down on the floor and climbed on top of me, then slowly slid herself down the length of my shaft.

"Oh, God!" she moaned as she took the last inch of my cock inside her wet hole. "It's so big! I've never had one this big before."

With that she began to rock back and forth, grinding her hips into mine. I looked at George once more and saw that he was jacking off wildly while looking straight into Sally's eyes.

"Oh my God! I'm coming again!" Sally cried, slamming herself up and down on my ramrod with all the strength in her body.

When she calmed down, I rolled her over and got on top of her and fucked her for all I was worth. She bucked her hips up to meet my every stroke. She was moaning, and I was loving it.

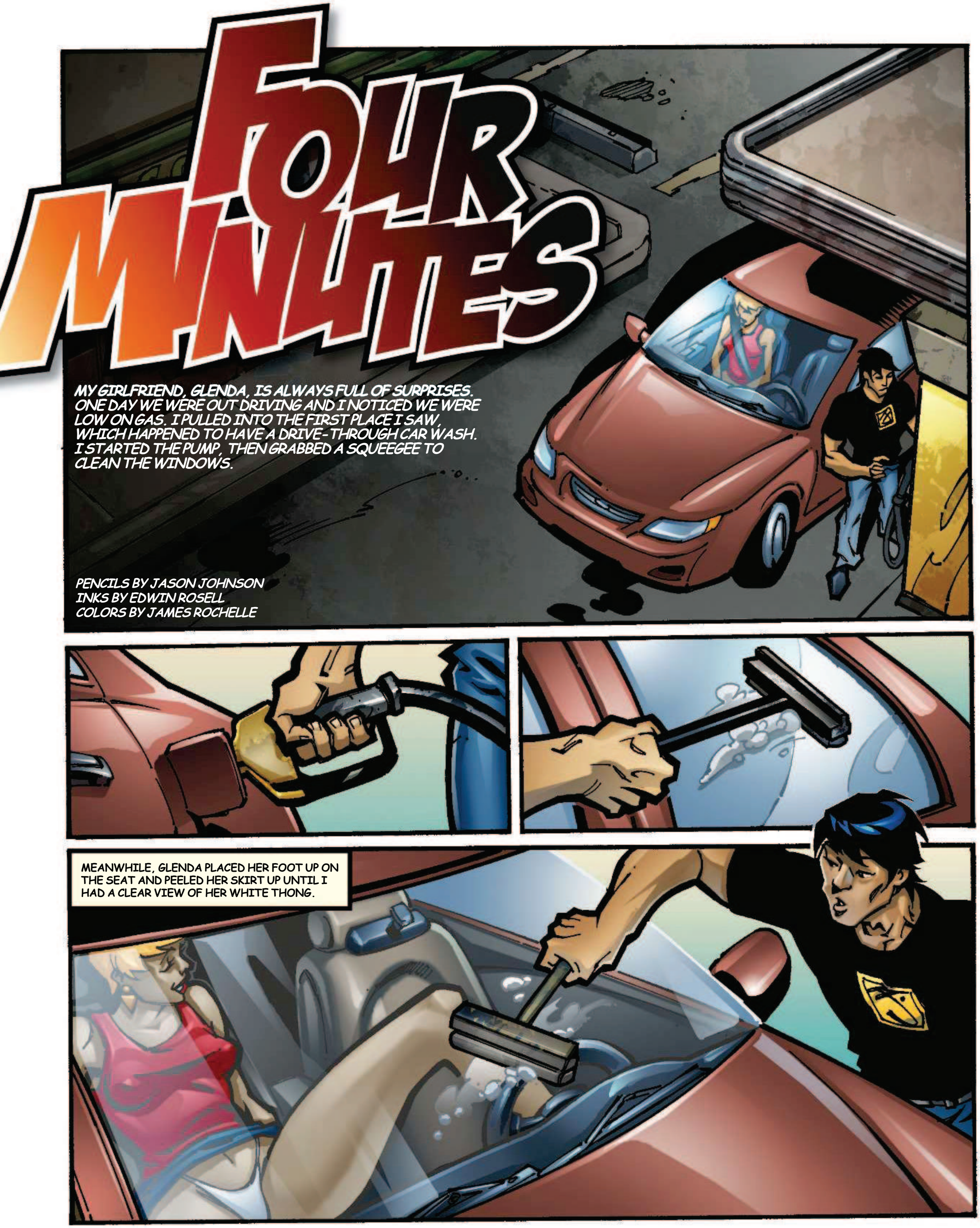
"Fuck me doggie-style," she panted, pulling away and getting up on her knees.

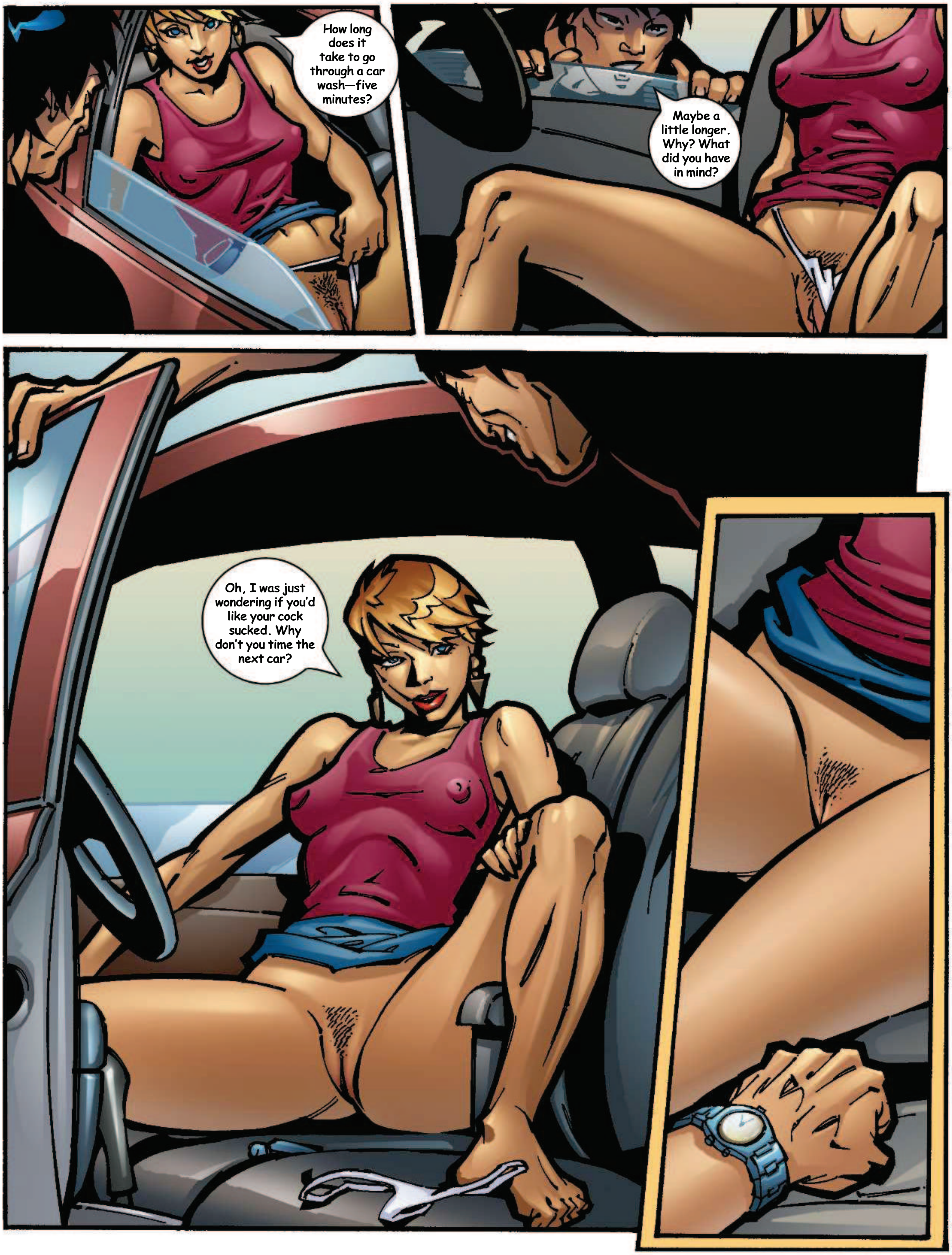
I couldn't wait to get my cock back into that hot, wet cunt. I started banging her like a wild man. When I glanced over to the corner, George was gone. Then I saw him move around in front of Sally and put his cock in her mouth. Wow! My first three-way. I pounded away at her as she sucked on her husband's dick. I could hear her muffled moans, and I could see George's twisted face as the spasmodic movements of her mouth sent him over the edge.

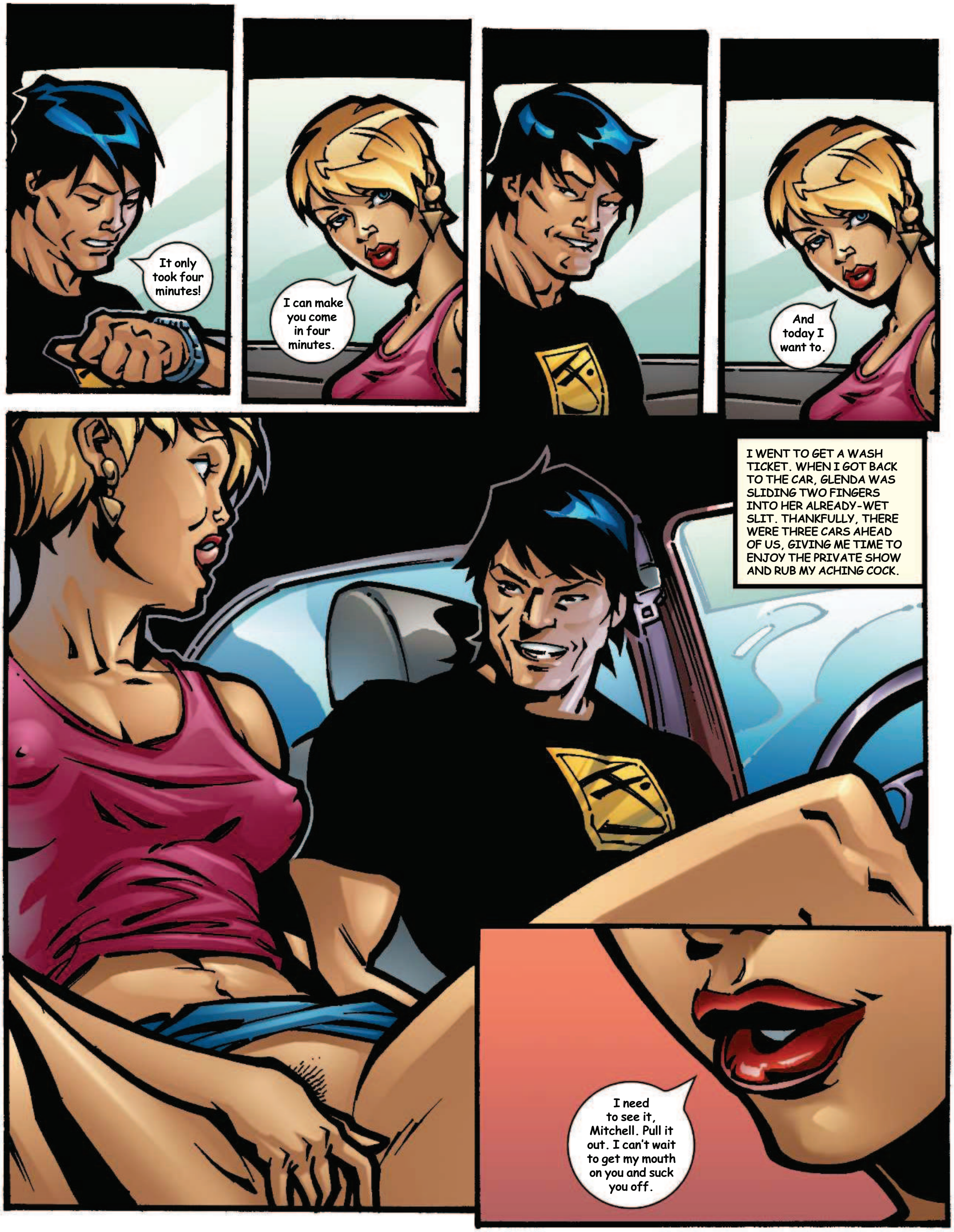
"I'm coming!" George yelled, throwing his head back as Sally sucked him frantically to get every drop of his cream. This sent me over the edge, and I fucked her wildly as I shot a huge load into her pussy. Sally met my every stroke, and soon exploded in a final orgasm of her own. George staggered back to his chair as Sally and I collapsed on the floor.

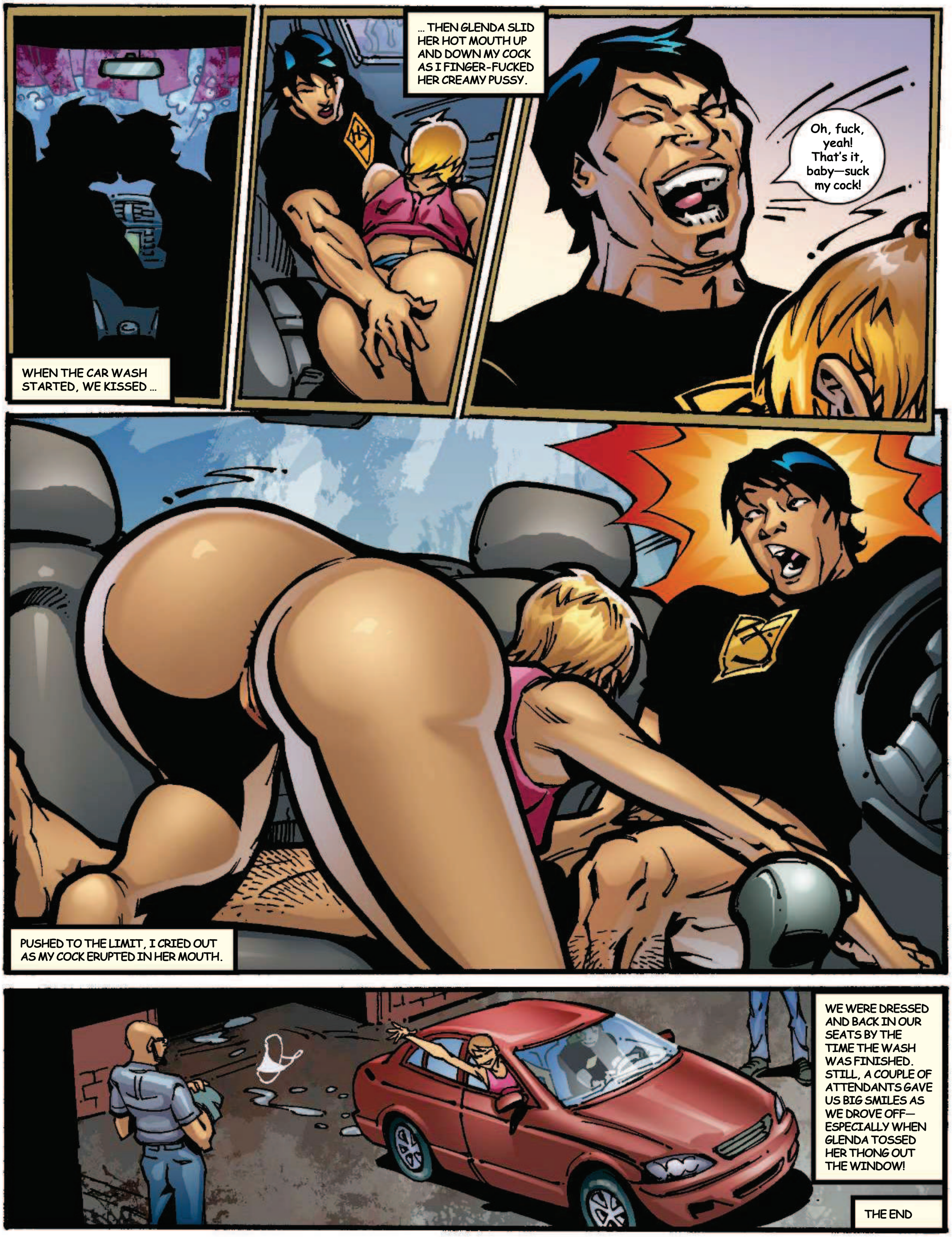
Soon we caught our breath and got dressed. As I was about to leave, Sally kissed me gently on the mouth and told me she had had the time of her life. I never saw George or Sally again, but I will surely never forget them.—*D.H., Texas*

FOUR MINUTES


MY GIRLFRIEND, GLENDA, IS ALWAYS FULL OF SURPRISES. ONE DAY WE WERE OUT DRIVING AND I NOTICED WE WERE LOW ON GAS. I PULLED INTO THE FIRST PLACE I SAW, WHICH HAPPENED TO HAVE A DRIVE-THROUGH CAR WASH. I STARTED THE PUMP, THEN GRABBED A SQUEEGEE TO CLEAN THE WINDOWS.
PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE
MEANWHILE, GLENDA PLACED HER FOOT UP ON THE SEAT AND PEELED HER SKIRT UP UNTIL I HAD A CLEAR VIEW OF HER WHITE THONG.


How long does it take to go through a car wash—five minutes?
Maybe a little longer. Why? What did you have in mind?
Oh, I was just wondering if you'd like your cock sucked. Why don't you time the next car?


It only took four minutes!
I can make you come in four minutes.
And today I want to.
I WENT TO GET A WASH TICKET. WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE CAR, GLENDA WAS SLIDING TWO FINGERS INTO HER ALREADY-WET SLIT. THANKFULLY, THERE WERE THREE CARS AHEAD OF US, GIVING ME TIME TO ENJOY THE PRIVATE SHOW AND RUB MY ACHING COCK.
I need to see it, Mitchell. Pull it out. I can't wait to get my mouth on you and suck you off.


WHEN THE CAR WASH STARTED, WE KISSED ...
... THEN GLENDA SLID HER HOT MOUTH UP AND DOWN MY COCK AS I FINGER-FUCKED HER CREAMY PUSSY.
Oh, fuck, yeah! That's it, baby—suck my cock!
PUSHED TO THE LIMIT, I CRIED OUT AS MY COCK ERUPTED IN HER MOUTH.
WE WERE DRESSED AND BACK IN OUR SEATS BY THE TIME THE WASH WAS FINISHED. STILL, A COUPLE OF ATTENDANTS GAVE US BIG SMILES AS WE DROVE OFF—ESPECIALLY WHEN GLENDA TOSSED HER THONG OUT THE WINDOW!
THE END

My Wife & My Mistress

Penthouse Forum

There are five considerably different takes on cheating on this disc, each with its own distinct and carnal charm. The most enviable scenario is the first, in which Rocco Reed acknowledges his mistress—and the fact that his wife approves of her. Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé is the mistress with the mostest, and lives up to her reputation of being able to play any sexual role demanded of her. She looks impossibly perfect here, at once wide-eyed and innocent and still beautifully bitchy as she fucks and sucks her way through another ball-draining appearance. The most novel story offers that most rare coupling: a threesome with only two people—pulled off, so to speak, when Danny Mountain's wife (the arousing Kiera King) comes home early after her flight is canceled; mistress Vanessa Leon runs to the bathroom, where she jacks off listening to the pair have a little afternoon delight. This interesting approach adds an extra element of eroticism to the proceedings. The use of infidelity as marital aphrodisiac isn't every man's cup of tea, but if you're the type who likes to have his cake and eat it, too, you should find something here to satisfy your hunger.

Top right: Kiera King and Danny Mountain. Above: Shawna Leneé.

By Johnny Bronx

Above left: Nyomi Marcela and Roxy Jezel.
Above right: Tommy Gunn and Alanah Rae .

ORIENTAL BABYSITTERS
Penthouse Letters

As its title makes clear, this flick combines two venerable, niche porn genres—Asian women and babysitters—into one gloriously twisted hybrid. Steven St. Croix tries spooking Asa Akira while watching a horror movie and scares up some smoking pussy instead, and Keeani Lei and Billy Glide roleplay as a babysitter and a robber. It's all hot, but the beautiful London Keyes' opening scene is the best. The pierced and tatted Keyes has an outdoor poolside fuck with Randy Spears that shows her to be a dynamic sexual performer (and one of the hottest Asian fuck-stresses working today). Keyes' reverse-cowgirl is explosively hot and inspires an extra-greasy come shot from Spears. A special bonus is thrown in when Nyomi Marcela and Roxy Jezel bring their lesbo chops to the table and put an even more unique spin on the titular topic. To its credit, *Oriental Babysitters* resists the temptation to be trite with Asian stereotypes; instead it focuses on hot sex with beautiful Asian women—exactly what we want!

BOOBY TRAP
Penthouse Features

For my money, big tits look best on a girl when she leans over you, sucking your cock, so the angle of the dangle shows off their heft, fullness, and overall titty-fuckability. Such is the secret of Alanah Rae's appeal in this showcase for big-boobed babes. She's cute as hell—not "porn star" beautiful, more like a girl you'd meet in a bar—and her face is complemented by a curvy bod and a fat, full rack boasting large areolae and tiny button nipples. Some particularly revealing camerawork puts the focus on Alanah's round ass, cooter, tits, and nimble mouth all at once as she sucks Tommy Gunn. (Speaking of which, the look on Gunn's mug when he's getting knocked around by Alanah's knockers is hilarious.) With pulchritudinous powerhouses like Tanya James, Brooke Belle, and Sienna West as part of the deal, the biggest boob would be any guy who passed up checking out this flick.

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night moves

Darenzia and Justine were thrilled to get started on their photo shoot, but in a matter of minutes, they were each so enraptured by the other's silky-smooth skin and delicious scent that they completely forgot the photographer was even there. By the time they resurfaced from their postorgasmic bliss, they had given all the world a night to remember forever.

Photographs by Ellen Stagg from Stagg Street

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF DARENZIA AND JUSTINE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

SEX IN EVERY CITY

I rushed home from the airport, hoping I wouldn't miss my wife's company Christmas party. I'd been warned there'd be hell to pay if I embarrassed her by not showing up. Of course, she'd be even more pissed off if she knew why I was running late to begin with.

I was on my way back from a weeklong business trip with my colleague Deb. She and I had been partners on a number of projects, and for the past six months we'd been traveling almost every week, checking up on the systems we'd implemented at our clients' offices. It wasn't my favorite part of the job, spending all that time in airports, sitting in cramped plane seats, and eating bad in-flight meals, but my sexy coworker made every trip at least bearable. Hell, she made the trips enjoyable—at least the parts that involved nudity and hotel rooms.

That's right. Deb and I had been spending good chunks of our trips shacked up together in swanky hotel suites, fucking like bunnies. And let me tell you, Deb is a dynamo in the boardroom *and* the bedroom. A typical trip starts off with a client meeting, usually at some five-star restaurant in their town. Over dinner, we discuss what our company can do to help them increase production and income, and cut costs. Deb charms them, the men and the women, with her bubbly personality, and I go in for the hard sell. Together we're an unstoppable force, and for six months we've brought in every potential client we've met with.

After dinner, it's back to the hotel for Deb and me, where we rush up to one of our rooms and go crazy, the success of the meeting setting us both on fire and driving us into a lust-filled frenzy. We fuck until we can't move, then collapse on the bed, needing a good night's sleep before the next day's meeting. In the morning, it's off to our new client's offices. We spend all day there, gathering information so we can get to work as soon as we get home. Then back at the hotel, it's time for another round of sweaty sex play, with lots of fucking and sucking all night long. The next day, we're gone.

On our last trip, we managed to mess up the system. We were away a full week, so we'd gotten too comfortable, screwing whenever we wanted, day or night. Of course, when we woke up on our last day in town, a good-morning fuck was in order, so we'd gotten ourselves tangled up in the sheets for a final sex session in that hotel. When it was over and we were dripping with sweat, we decided that a quick shower screw wouldn't hurt. But we got carried away.

By then we'd had every kind of sex imaginable, but we'd never hooked up in the bathroom. We were soapy and wet, our bodies slipping and sliding against each other as I fucked her against the tiled wall. We couldn't seem to get enough of each other, and our mouths were fused together the entire time my dick was pumping in and out of her steaming cunt. We'd each come once already that morning, but after only a dozen strokes, I was already on the verge of my second climax. I could tell Deb was, too, from her soft panting and the way she wriggled against me. In just a minute, we were both coming again, our orgasms only seconds apart.

But it was already too late. By the time we got out of the shower and down to the hotel lobby to hail a cab, we knew we were going to miss our flight. Luckily, we managed to book another flight only an hour later, but I was pushing it awfully close. Then, just my luck, we had a delayed take-off and landing.

I managed to walk in the door just in time to drop my suitcases and head to my wife's party, and she never suspected a thing!—*Name and address withheld*

We were soapy and wet, our bodies slipping and sliding against each other as I fucked her against the tiled wall.

SEX ON TAP

Pulling away from Kat, I looked around the room and thanked the higher powers that we were alone. I'd never kissed a girl before, and when Kat had pushed her lips against mine, I'd been in shock—but now all I wanted was to get her naked and fuck her senseless, and I didn't want an audience.

Kat and I were, it appeared, the only single girls at the bar that night, and since Kat was the bartender, it was really just me. I'd gone in for an after-work drink to calm my nerves following a stressful day, but the smell of alcohol was enough for me, and I settled on a glass of ginger ale and an order of fries. The bar wasn't too crowded, so Kat had plenty of time to chat me up and find out what I was doing there alone on a Friday night. Then, as the bar started to fill up, the flirting began.

When Kat's replacement arrived about an hour later, he asked if she'd do inventory in the bar's basement, and she agreed, asking if I'd mind keeping her company. I said I'd be happy to join her, and she led me to the back of the bar and through a narrow door. As soon as the door had shut behind us, she grabbed my head and pulled me in for a kiss.

Kat's lips were soft but demanding, and when her tongue begged entry to my mouth, it did so gently, not with forceful probing. My hands went to her sides and I started to run them over her soft curves. It was so different from a guy's spare tire or hard muscle. My hands slid easily along her sides, her back, her ass. Her hands were on me, too, and when she grabbed my ass and pulled me tight against her body, I moaned loudly, effectively ending our lip-lock. I quickly glanced around the room, having forgotten where we were, then let my carnal passions take over again.

All of a sudden I wanted to fuck Kat right there in the storage room, and without knowing where I was going or what I was doing, I grabbed her hand and dragged her down the short flight of stairs into the darkness. She flipped a light switch on the way and the room

2010 PIN-UP CALENDAR
PENTHOUSE
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was cast in a faint glow, just enough to see each other but not enough to ruin the mood.

There was nothing down there except boxes piled high on a cement floor, but I didn't care. I had to have her. Without even thinking, I pulled Kat onto the floor with me and began undressing her, letting my instincts take over. She started tugging at my clothes a moment later, and in no time we'd stripped off enough clothing to grant each other easy access to our pussies.

I wasn't really sure what to do next, but Kat took over and kissed me soundly as one of her hands wandered down to my cunt. Her fingers gently probed me, stroking my mound, caressing my lips, and rubbing my clit, and I felt myself going wild. It felt great! I was so turned on that I started touching her, too, trying to mimic her actions so she would get the same pleasure I was feeling.

When my fingers found her pussy, I couldn't believe how wet she was. She was absolutely drenched, and we'd only just started fooling around! I loved the feel of her shaved cunt under my fingers and the way her pussy enveloped them each time I thrust into her. Soon we were both moaning and sighing quietly, clearly enjoying ourselves.

It wasn't enough for Kat, though, and a moment later she pushed me onto my back and crawled down my body until she was straddling my knees. Then her head was between my thighs and she was kissing my pussy. She seemed to know exactly what I liked, and every swipe of her tongue brought me closer to my release. The way her tongue slid along my pussy lips, lapping up the juices that had gathered there, was so sensual that when she thrust her tongue into me, I couldn't help the way my body shuddered in ecstasy. It was the way she sucked my clit that set me off, though. She pursed her lips around my hot button and sucked gently, then bit down lightly before soothing me with her tongue. She repeated the pattern over and over, and after only a few minutes of her excellent pussy-eating skills, I was ready to explode.

I came hard and flooded her mouth with my juices. When she looked up at me, a seductive smile on her face and my come clinging to her, I knew I wanted to eat her, too. Without a second's hesitation, I twisted onto my

Kat was writhing wildly and moaning so loudly I was sure they could hear us up in the bar. But I didn't really care.

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knees and slithered along Kat's body until I was in the perfect cunt-licking position.

I'd never tasted another girl's pussy, but the minute I licked Kat's, I was addicted. She was sweet and tangy, and I loved the way my lips glided along her slit. Eating her came naturally, and I found myself diving in greedily, not letting even a drop of her dew escape my tongue. Each lick, each nibble, each thrust of my tongue, was amazing—for both of us. While I could feel myself getting hot all over again, Kat was writhing wildly beneath me and moaning so loudly I was sure they could hear us up in the bar. But I didn't really care.

My second orgasm was fast approaching, and as I felt my pussy start to throb, Kat dug her hands into my hair and pulled my head further between her thighs. I wanted to climax with her, so I dropped a hand to my own cunt and began to frig my clit as I ravenously ate my partner. A minute later she was screaming out her pleasure, and I wasn't far behind.

Inventory was long forgotten by then, and after we straightened up, we snuck upstairs and out the back door, running all the way to Kat's place down the street. The night was still young, and we had far more fucking to do before we parted ways.—*J.Y., Illinois*

■ FIRST-TIME FUCKFEST

I'd just turned 18 when my 20-year-old cousin invited me to a party near the university she attends. When we got there, the guys outnumbered the girls by a lot, and I quickly became the center of attention. As the night wore on, I felt a number of guys' hands wander to my butt, and it turned me on knowing I had that kind of effect on them.

Later on, my cousin found me to tell me that she was going home with a guy she knew and asked if I'd be okay by myself. I told her I would, and she gave me money for a taxi so I could get back to her place.

A little while later, I was ready to go, and when I went to get a cab, three guys I'd met—Ryan, John, and Brent—went with me to ensure my safety. We'd only gone a short distance when Ryan stopped and told us he had to run into his apartment to get his ID. A minute later we were in his small apartment, and we all decided to have another drink or two while there.

The other two guys watched silently as Ryan's fingers parted my virgin lips and got my juices flowing.

John sat on a recliner and Brent sat on another chair, leaving only the bed for me and Ryan. As we sipped our drinks, Ryan had his arm around me, and when I turned to look at him, he kissed me. I figured it would stop there, since there were two other guys in the room with us, but it was quickly becoming apparent that the atmosphere had changed. For a split second, I was nervous, but then I got turned on and found myself uninterested in resisting Ryan's advances.

I was aware of his hand fondling my breast through my dress, and it wasn't long before he had the front of my dress unbuttoned, my bra unhooked, and he was feeling my bare breasts. I'd never let anyone go this far before and couldn't help reacting with excitement.

His hand went under my dress and soon he was stroking my bare thighs. I clenched my legs together, but the more he stroked them while kissing me, the more relaxed I got. Soon he was feeling my dampening crotch through my panties, and I couldn't have found the words to say how much I didn't want him to stop. I'd wanted to lose my virginity for months, but none of the guys I'd dated had gotten me so ready for it.

The other two guys watched silently as Ryan's fingers worked their way into my panties and I let out a whimper. I felt Ryan's fingers part my virgin lips, and it got my juices flowing. I gasped as I realized how turned on I was, and I spread my thighs apart as I submitted to him.

Suddenly, he pulled the crotch of my panties aside, and as he gently pushed me back on the bed, I realized he had his cock out and was climbing on top of me, rubbing it against my pussy lips. He slipped on a condom and started penetrating me as his friends watched, and when he reached my hymen, he gave one hard thrust, breaking through. I gasped and cried out, and in a split second the sharp pain was replaced with pleasure as he thrust in and out of me. He kissed me urgently and sucked my breasts, and a wave of severe pleasure ran through me as I had my first climax.

After he finished and pulled out, I wasn't surprised to see John standing by the bed, naked and ready for his turn. I was excited to have another go, and soon he was climbing on top of me. The sex was fast and hard, and so much fun. John didn't last as long,

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though, and was replaced by Brent, who lasted only a few strokes longer. After Brent was done, I dressed and called a cab.

I haven't had sex that wild since, but it sure was a unique way to lose my virginity.—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE PROWL

The young Marine's very nice cock sprang to attention when he pushed his olive-drab boxers down to the floor. There was a certain shyness about him as he undressed, and as I sat on the bed watching him, I rubbed my soaking pussy. My short skirt was bunched up around my waist, and my top was undone, exposing my breasts to his gaze. My legs were encased in opaque thigh-high stockings and spread far enough that he could see me play with myself.

"Isn't this better than sitting at a bar all night, trying to pick up some stuck-up girl who'll just leave you high and dry?" I asked.

He nodded his head. "Yes, ma'am."

I'd met him at a local bar earlier that night while on the prowl for some fresh meat. He was home on leave, trying to get laid, but none of the young girls were paying him any attention, so I did. I sat next to him and we had a few drinks. I even let him rub my leg a while before suggesting we go somewhere to be alone.

Now here we were, me fingering my pussy on the bed while he finished taking off his pants, his long, thick cock standing proudly at attention. I patted the mattress beside me and he sat down. Hesitatingly, he turned to kiss me, and he reached up to feel my breast, my nipple instantly hardening under his touch.

I dropped a hand to his lap and grasped his shaft, slowly stroking him. Next I got on the floor in front of him and began to play with his cock. I kissed the tip softly, then licked it briefly before taking it into my mouth. "Oh, God," he cried out as my head began bobbing up and down.

He continued fondling my breasts as I sucked harder, and in less than two minutes he let out a groan and blasted his hot come into my mouth and down my thirsty throat. After swallowing some of his cream, I pulled back to let the last few spurts spray my tits.

When I looked up at the Marine again, I had a huge smile on my face, but he seemed nervous. He started apologizing for coming so fast, but I told him we had all night, and I was sure he had a few more rounds in him.

After stripping off the rest of my clothes, I climbed back on the bed and spread my legs wide. My young Marine tentatively licked me a few times before beginning to eat me in earnest. My encouragement spurred him on and he became more confident, eventually bringing me to a strong climax.

The young Marine's cock sprang to attention. As I sat on the bed watching him, I rubbed my soaking pussy.

With my legs still spread, he climbed on top of me and drove his once-again-hard cock deep into me, causing me to gasp in surprise. He'd gotten it up again even sooner than I'd expected! He fucked me hard, giving me exactly what I desired. He had amazing stamina, and he plowed into me over and over for at least half an hour. I came so hard that I shook hysterically. He came, too, flooding my pussy with his semen.

We collapsed, panting, in a tangle of limbs, and after a short break, we did it all over again. This time we maneuvered through several more positions before calling it quits, and by then we were exhausted.

It sure was a satisfying way to support our troops!—*A.C., Oregon*

RESTROOM RANDINESS

Lately, my girlfriend, Molly, finds sexual meaning in anything and everything people say. She is constantly horny as hell. Last week we had sex in the car on the way home because she just couldn't wait. Tonight, we'd taken the train into the city to meet friends, so I was curious about how she'd work out her frustration later.

It seemed like I wouldn't have to wait long, because as soon as Molly finished her drink, she asked where the bathroom was and dragged me off to the back of the lounge with her, telling me she needed me to hold her purse. I knew that excuse was bullshit, but I went along with her story, wanting to see what she was really up to.

As soon as we got to the bathroom, she handed me her purse and ducked into the single-occupancy restroom. I stood there holding her bag and feeling baffled. Had she really just wanted me to hold her purse? It made absolutely no sense, and she was nowhere near drunk enough to think otherwise, but I really did believe it, at least for a minute.

Then, she popped out of the bathroom, looked around briefly, and pulled me inside with her. The move threw me for a minute, but I recovered quickly, leaning back against the door and pulling her to me, crushing her lips to mine and kissing her soundly.

She tasted like coconut and rum, and our tongues battled for control while our hands fumbled around, trying to get past each other's clothing.

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Eventually we had to break our kiss to properly disrobe, but as soon as my slacks and boxers were at my knees and her panties were pulled off, her skirt lifted to her waist, we were at it again, lips fused together and hands wandering.

Then Molly dropped to the floor and started licking my cock like it was a Popsicle. Her hands fondled my balls, occasionally moving to grab the shaft, and her tongue bathed my cock, getting the entire thing wet with her spit. Then she was engulfing me in her mouth, practically deep-throating me on the first try. Normally she takes things slow, easing my cock between her lips inch by inch, but when she's really horny, she just dives right in without a moment's hesitation.

She swirled her tongue over my dick a few times before beginning to bob on my length. Every now and then her teeth would graze me, and I couldn't tell if it was on purpose or not, but either way, it sent tingles up my spine and brought me more pleasure than I thought it should. Soon I felt the first rumblings of an approaching orgasm. It was still too early, though, and I didn't want to blow my load until I'd had a chance to fuck my girlfriend, so I pushed her off me.

Seconds later she was in my arms, her legs wrapped around my waist as I eased my rock-hard dick into her sopping-wet warmth. We'd already been in the bathroom for about three or four minutes, and if we took too much longer, someone might start to suspect something was going on, or worse, we would end up with people banging on the door and we'd have to go out and face them all. Not that I have problems with sex in public places, but I liked the bar and didn't want to risk getting thrown out.

As soon as my cock was enveloped in her slick folds, we started fucking. Because of our position, Molly had to do most of the work, but she rode me like a pro, sliding up and down on my shaft at an ever-increasing pace.

I leaned back on the door, trying to support us both, but it was getting difficult, so I carried her over to the toilet, flipped the lid down with my foot, and sat down, all without breaking our connection. Now that we had something to support us, we were able to get a much better rhythm going, and as Molly rode me, I thrust up into her, helping bring us closer to the edge. It wouldn't be long before we were both exploding.

We picked up the speed and started fucking wildly, or as wildly as you can while sitting, and in no time I was coming. I shot my load deep into Molly's cunt and she moaned quietly, biting my shoulder to keep from screaming out loud. Then it was her turn, and I felt her pussy grip and release my cock several times before she sighed and came, writhing around in my lap until she was done and her juices generously coated my dick.

After spending nearly ten minutes in the bathroom, we snuck out and headed back to our corner table. Our seats were still empty, so we sat back down and ordered another round.

Somehow we managed to avoid detection that night, and on the train ride home, I fingered her to completion, my hand slipping under her skirt without any of our fellow passengers noticing. Molly is still finding sexual meaning in everything. Just the other day she went wild when she saw a melon baller on a friend's wedding registry list. I can't even imagine what's going to set her off next!—*M.N., New York*

Normally she takes it slow, easing my cock between her lips inch by inch, but when she's horny, she dives right in.

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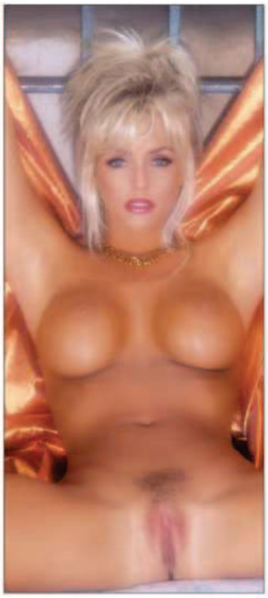
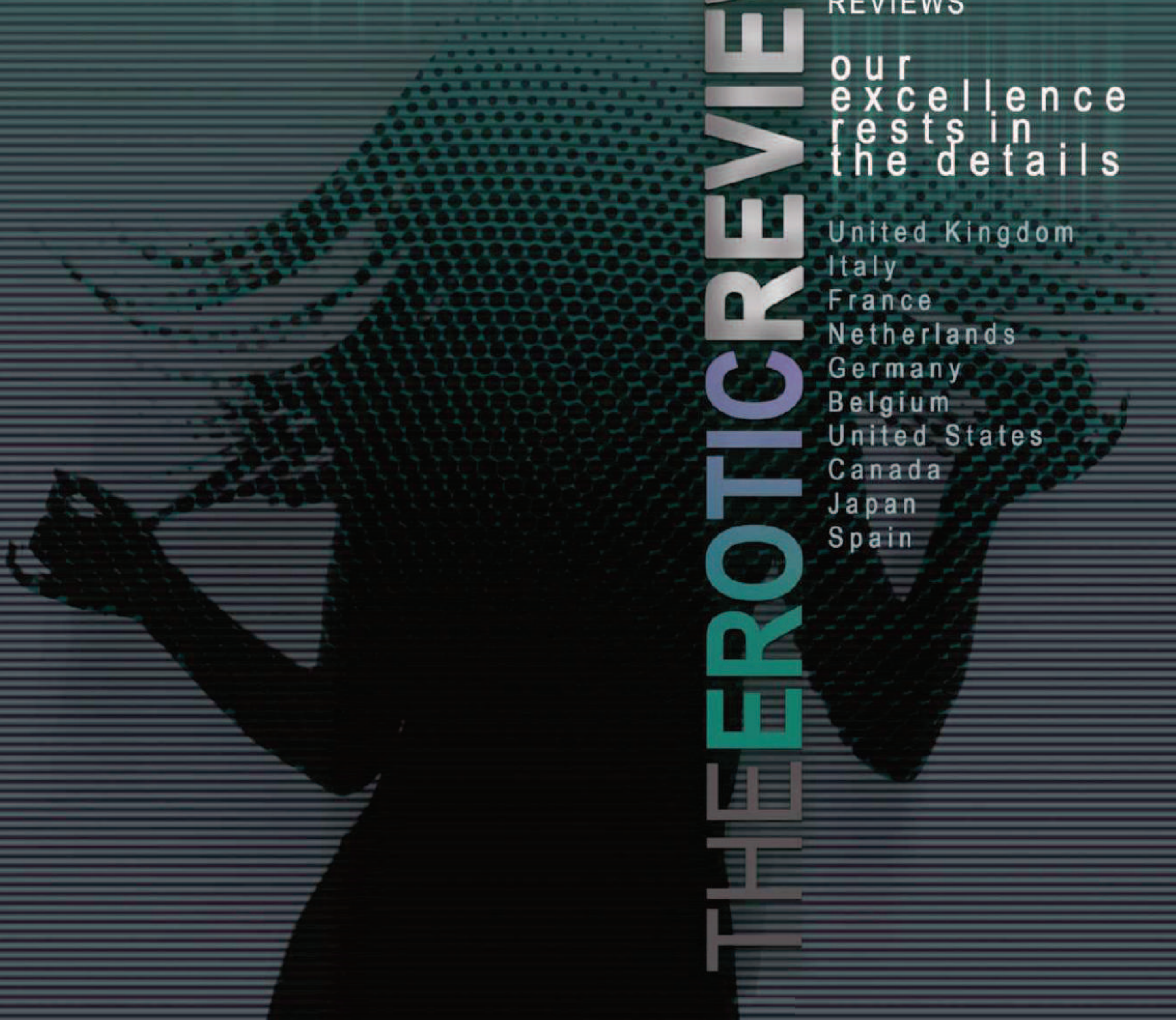


Elizabeth Ann Hilden

Our 1997 Pet of the Year has always been one of our favorite models, not to mention a perennial reader favorite. What better time for a look back at the gorgeous blonde than as we crown our new Pet of the Year?



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